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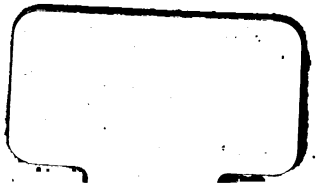

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J. H. 1825.

MISCELLANEOUS

Poems.

BY ROBERT POWER.

O præclaram emendatricem vitæ, poeticam!——CICERO.

For love itself is born of song.——FITZADAMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
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AND SOLD BY W. DAVIS, ATHERSTONE.

1824.

422

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY JANE GREY,

These Poems

ARE DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

VERY HUMBLE AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

To say that the following Poems were written, the greater part of them, at an early period of life, when no design of publishing them was entertained by the Author, although a summary way of accounting for their many defects, is no apology for intruding them on the attention of the public. Perhaps the Author's best excuse is this: that, conscious of having written what he felt, he gives his productions to the world with a hope that some readers may be found who will feel what he has written. Should he succeed in awakening this sympathizing interest, his object in committing the

present volumes to the press will be attained; otherwise, he must endeavour to console himself with the recollections of the pleasure and innocent gratification which their composition has afforded him.

Atherstone,
August 16, 1824.

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ERRATA IN VOL. I.

Page 16, line 12, *for* full-point, *insert* a comma.

——————— 13, *dele* note of interrogation.

—— 105, —— 6, *for* tortured, *read* tutored.

ERRATA IN VOL. II.

Page 5, line 5, *for* heart, *read* harp.

—— 12, —— 7, *for* There, *read* Then.

—— 22, —— 2, *dele* no.

—— 32, —— 14, *for* sapphire, *read* sapphirine.

—— 38, —— 1, *for* As, *read* Oh !

—— 63, —— 1, *for* flight, *read* fight.

—— 65, lines 9 and 10, *for* break, *read* brake.

—— 92, line 15, *for* lines, *read* hues.

—— 104, —— 9, *for* abute, *read* arbute.

—— 111, —— 4, *for* stay, *read* say.

—— 120, —— 15, *between* "her" and "may," *insert* eye.

—— 130, —— 9, *for* gleams, *read* glooms.

Poems.

POEMS.

WHERE FANCY DECKS, &c.

WHERE Fancy decks her fairy bowers
With varied wreaths of wildest flowers,
And sheds th' eternal breath of spring
On zephyr's gay and wanton wing;
From every leaf a rich perfume,
An incense from a world of bloom:—
Here Love, the little pilgrim boy,
(For wandering is his sweetest joy),

Had rested from his noon-day flight,
And shook his wings of rainbow light;
Around with eager haste he stole,
While ravish'd wonder fill'd his soul,
And soon began to cull the flowers
That scented and illum'd the bowers—
Those bowers, where heaven and earth had spread
Whate'er is bright or hallowed!
But soon he heard a distant sound
Spreading a fairy music round,
That seem'd to flow from limpid springs
With soft and gentle whisperings.—
Then on the fountain's flowery brink
He laid his snowy limbs, to drink
With ravished ears the tender tone
Of murmurings so like his own;
When Beauty with her rosy smiles
The dear devoted hour beguiles.

'Twas thus he lay—on hand reclin'd—
With ringlets waving in the wind—
While to his soul these murmur'd themes,
Were just like bliss in happy dreams,
Which, tho' our ardent hopes pursue,
Appears too lovely to be true:
When on his breezy lyre he caught
A glowing sympathy of thought,
That mingling with his heart and mind,
For ever with his spirit twined;
And gave the wild and pleasing fire,
Of Fancy to his native lyre!
And hence it is, that I, who long
Have thus attuned the voice of song,
Was taught by Love, whose fond control
Gives inspiration to the soul,
To wake my harp's delighted strings
With Fancy's wildest murmurings!

IN A VIEW OF THE PAST, &c.

In a view of the past, through the shadow of years,
And days, tho' the brightest, yet sullied with tears;
And amid the dark scene, when the tempest of care,
O'er the morning of life spreads the clouds of despair;
How sweet to reflect that delight's smiling ray,
Like a flash o'er our path had illumin'd its way;
Or a beam now and then—yes,—as warm as the sun,
Broke out on the day that in sorrow begun!—
Ah! moments remember'd with smiles or a sigh,
As chequer'd they pass'd, like the clouds in the sky;

As joys and afflictions encompass'd my soul,
Now brighten'd a part, and now darken'd the whole.
Yet dear were those hours—an enthusiast wild,
My heart beat with hope at each phantom that smil'd;
Tho' transient, yet fair, as the prospect that lay,
Illum'd by the glow of the sun-setting ray.
Oh! Merevale, bright are thy hills and thy vales,
Thy shadowy groves, and thy heart-cheering gales,
Ever sweetly attuned, like the magic of song,
To enrapture the heart, and seclusion prolong!
Sweet woodlands! where nature has lavishly thrown
Whatever is bright to embellish her throne;
Where the oak of the forest majestic has spread
A crown that in triumph encircles her head;
And wild flowers that vie in each beauty and sweet,
Luxuriantly twine every charm at her feet.—

Then turn to yon waves, where in gracefulness blending
Its shade with the waters, the lily is bending,
As rippling in eddies, they tranquilly rove,
To kiss the green sedge that is waving above,
And the low drooping alders that play with the
smile,
Of sun-beams that dimple their surface the while.
Ah! here have I wander'd with her who is dear,
In hope when away, and in rapture when near!
Whose eyes are as mild as the soft soothing light
Of the virginal beams of the planet of night,
When she looks thro' the tears of the world with a
smile,
And brightens its gloom with her radiance the while.
Aye! mine is a heart like the world, full of gloom!
And her's is the smile can its darkness illume!
The beam that can midnight of terror disarm,
Make tempests unheeded, and rude deserts charm;

And thro' the dark midnight of sorrow and tears,
As the promise of joy to my fancy appears!
Then how blest were those days, when a rapture like this,
Awaken'd each hope, and each feeling to bliss,
'Midst the glow of the landscape—the tint of the morn,
And the verdure crown'd hills which these valleys adorn;
From whose magical scene I have traced in her eye,
Some rays there reflected, that brighten'd its dye;
While it shone like a mirror unruffled and clear,
And show'd her delight with a soul-telling tear.
Ah! thus, while that eye has its rapture made known,
How the fervour was heighten'd that beam'd in my own!
Yes, these are the moments that shine in their flight,
Like stars breaking out through the storms of the night;

That strew 'midst the thorns of our wearisome hours,
The many bright leaves of the rose-breathing flowers,
Oh! these are the hours, that in passing have been
Bright chains round my heart, through this life's che-
quered scene;—
And when fancy has flown to some happier sphere,
Far, far from the clouds that encircle it here,
To those climes of the sun where they brilliantly lie,
In the purest of ocean, and brightest of sky;
Where delightfully happy the good and the blest,
In bowers ever blooming eternally rest.
Oh! my soul from the dream that thus brighten'd its
hours,
Has return'd from its joys to these Merevale bowers;
And forgot, while to rapture its senses were given,
That the climate it left was the climate of heaven!

Then ye whose bright cup of enjoyment is full,
Whose days are unclouded, whose nights never dull,
Whose evening sky heralds a morning as bright
As the splendour of beams that adorn'd it at night.
Oh! say, have the dreams which the learned explore,
In the pages of wise philosophical lore,
Ever prompted the soul to a vision as fair,
Of rapture unchill'd, and unsullied by care,
As the glories of nature here blooming and bright,
That hush every sense in the wonders of sight,
From the eye to the heart every feeling unbind,
And to energy rouse all the ardour of mind;
Expand thro' the frame with a magical glow,
And shed a bright lustre o'er dark clouds of woe!—
Oh! beauty persuasive to reign o'er the soul,
And to soften its feelings with gentle control;
Oh! influence divine! 'tis thy magic may prove,
The herald of bliss, and the promise of love;

As we wander in hope, and in fervour of heart,
In the cool which these shades ever kindly impart.
If peace and content may be found in the bower,
When silence and solitude hallow the hour,
Yet rapture and pleasure can only be found
When beauty and soul shed their magic around;
'Tis in moments like these that wisdom has proved
He never was happy who never has loved!

ON A MOURNING RING.

Ah, sable ring! this mournful hue,
Which on thy circling gold I view,
Wakens affection's burning tear,
For one well loved, for one yet dear;
And prompts that sorrow's keen regret,
Which hangs upon his memory yet.
Methinks this shadow seems to lie,
Like death upon a warrior's eye—
For well it shrouds a golden gleam,
Once radiant in the sun's bright beam;

Pure sparkling ore, whose polish'd birth
Told its own beauty and its worth!
Yet see, amidst its shadowy part,
A beamy streak of lustre dart!
Would tempt a look, a tear obtain,
And woo the eye to look again:
As though some glancing beam betray'd
A light far glittering in the shade;
In midnight's gloom a glow-worm's fire,
Which some would start at, some admire;
Thus when a hero meets his doom,
Dark is the shadow of his tomb!
Yet fate a hero's name can save,
For glory shines beyond the grave!
Still let me gaze, thou shining ore!
With eye intent,—and ponder o'er
Thy brilliant sign, that would proclaim
The lustre of a brother's name;

And proudly gleaming, smiles to tell,
How gloriously the hero fell :—
Yet dearest ring, couldst thou unfold,
How brighter than thy lucid gold,
When mourning was no hue of thine,
The virtues of his soul would shine ;
What magic power, what living ray,
Did in his eye's bright circle play !
What graceful ease, what bloom of morn,
Would tint his cheek, his frame adorn !
And more than these—his heart and mind,
How they were polish'd and refin'd !—
Ah ! worthy then the hero's name,
Thou humble chronicle of fame,
I'd trace thy well-lov'd circle o'er,
And bless thee, as I prized before.
Yet time with wasting hand may chase
Thy sable gloom, its hue deface ;

His wing may brush away the sign,
Now brilliant on that orb of thine;
Like the bright tints that streak the west,
As sinks the golden sun to rest,
When night steals on and wears away
The lustre of his parting ray.
And thus my heart, shall time pursue
In thee each warm remembrance too,
Of dearest brother, kindest friend,
And all affection's ties would blend,
In the most warm beloved youth,
With honour, valour, virtue, truth.
For ever gone?—Ah! No—my heart,
Though error guides (and frail thou art),
Through paths unblest, and sorrow's shade,
In life's unholy wanderings laid;
In thee shall memory love to trace,
That form which time can ne'er deface;

But thro' each storm and darkening ill
Shall cherish his fond image still,
Till that dark hour of nature's strife,
Thou sink'st beneath the waves of life,
And from the wreck thy spirit flies
To seek a brother in the skies.

WITH PALLID CHEEK, &c.

I.

With pallid cheek Eliza wept,
And mourn'd her hapless Henry's doom;
She wandered where his relics slept,
And sought him in the dreary tomb.

II.

There heaven-sent Pity stole unseen,
And watch'd the wretched weeping maid;
Then bending o'er her drooping mein,
In gently soothing whispers said—

III.

Oh! sweet, fond maiden! falls the tear
Which thus embalms the silent dead;
But he, sad mourner, is not here—
To Heav'n thy long-lov'd Henry's fled!

IV.

Ah! well I knew, she soft replied,
His spirit sought yon radiant sphere;
Yet much I loved him ere he died,
And fondly still would think him here.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN A SICK ROOM.

I.

Bear me, ye guardian spirits, hence!
Far from the gloomy scenes of pain,
And haunts of sorrow;
Here roses never grace the fence,
Nor zephyr wafts one soothing strain,
For grief to borrow!

II.

The sparkling eye, the snowy brow,
The fairest blossoms of the cheek,
For loves admiring;
All wither'd, lost, and faded now,
With lingering look can only speak,
Their hopes expiring.

III.

Ah me! for ever doom'd to move
In scenes of sickness, woe, and death,
To see them blighted;
When comfort flies, and scarcely love
Can stay to watch the labour'd breath
That once delighted.

IV.

And when the wretched fain would fly
To the soft bosom of the grave,
Death mocks their sighing;
And roves where buds of beauty lie,
While weeping love would fondly save
Their bloom from dying!

V.

Ah! thus the deepest, truest ties,
That friends have form'd, or love can twine,
Alas! are broken!
Oh! ye above the azure skies,
Where's now the hope that wont to shine,
Life's sweetest token?

VI.

That token hung around the heart,
An amulet of rich perfume,
Its rarest blessing;
In briery paths would ne'er depart,
Tho' withered every cheering bloom,
A charm possessing.

VII.

Hope! 'midst the labourer's lengthen'd toil,
And over slavery's galling chain,
Still twin'd a flower;
Broke thro' the gloom with cheering smile,
Painted his cottage joys again,
And evening bower!

VIII.

Then where art thou, that thus couldst throw
A calm upon the wintry breast
Of care and sorrow?
To what fair regions shall we go,
Thy solace sweet, thy balm of rest,
Again to borrow?

IX.

Sweet Hope! it is in mansions bright,
Borne on the radiant wings of faith,
That thou art ranging!
A fleeting wreath, for crowns of light,
And thorny ways for a starry path,
Art thou exchanging!

X.

To thee she comes—the labouring soul!
Far from the couch of mortal strife
Her home is given;
Beyond the passions vain control,
Exchanging death for endless life,
And earth for heaven!

ON THE

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

I.

If there is aught of mortal birth
Might claim a cherub's name on earth,
Or kindred with the sky;
If aught there is we call divine,
Can here with innocence combine,
And infant purity.

II.

Poor Albert! sure the rosy play
Of smiles that on thy features lay,
Were emblems fair and bright
Of angel's gifts and spirits pure,
Yet from the freezing world secure,
And sorrow's early blight.

III.

E'en as the blush that lies conceal'd,
Within the morning rose-bud veil'd,
Thy tender beauties lay;
No canker-worm the eye could see,
To waste thy spotless infancy,
With pale and brief decay.

IV.

Ah! well thy little life doth seem
The semblance of a glassy stream,
Painting a summer sky;
Without a cloud to darken o'er
The heaven its gentle bosom bore
In soft tranquillity.

V.

If like to thee—the sweetest flowers
Adorn'd its tide in morning hours,
With health and beauty rife;
For such and fairer blossoms grew
Upon thy cheeks of rosy hue,
Sweetening thy stream of life.

VI.

Thou blessed boy—oft as we see
Those flowery buds so like to thee,
We'll drop the mournful tear;
Remembering thou wert once as bright,
The rose that blest a mother's sight;
Her loveliest solace here!

VII.

Yet why deplore thy early fate,
To leave a world so desolate,
So fill'd with every care?
Heaven loved thee better far, and thou
Hast joined thy native regions now,
An angel bright and fair!

ON

A YOUNG LADY CONSUMPTIVE.

I.

With lustre mild those eyes are beaming;
To thy flush'd cheek does crimson fly—
That lustre bears mysterious meaning;
That cheek too soon must fade and die—
Yet there shall be
Sweet peace for thee
In realms of immortality.

II.

Oh Maiden! virtue's shield is round thee,
Then why that look, that tearful eye?
And guardian angels still surround thee,
And sweet the sleep that steals thy sigh;
When there shall be
Calm peace for thee
In realms of immortality.

III.

Though from thy cheek where health was blooming,
Consumption plucks the rose away;
In pale decay thy form consuming,
And speeds thee to eternal day;
There yet shall be
Sweet peace for thee
In realms of immortality.

IV.

'Tis not the bloom of beauty's flower,
Nor yet the lustre of an eye,
Can free from care life's fleeting hour,
Or stay the tumult of a sigh;
Alone will be
Sweet peace for thee
In realms of immortality.

V.

In that sad hour when fate shall sever
This wretched chain of mortal strife,
Thy purer soul shall trace for ever
The radiant paths of endless life;
Where there shall be
Sweet peace for thee
In realms of immortality.

VI.

When on thy cheeks the worms shall diet,
And thy fair form to dust return;
When o'er thy grave rude blasts shall riot,
Or zephyrs soft thy requiem mourn;
There still shall be
Sweet peace for thee
In realms of immortality.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

I.

THERE is a balmy freshness in the air,
The breezy zephyrs cheer the pulse of life,
And, o'er the sunny foliage sporting, bear
With morning's tresses now a wanton strife,
Culling their sweets from things that sweetest are;
While o'er the shore, where rippling waves are rife,
They give the sickly cheek that fresh'ning glow
Of health and bloom which love and joy bestow.

II.

How fair a scene now opens to the sight!—
The world is rich in beauty—none can be,
To young and pleasure-seeking eyes, more bright
Than this—the mirror of the dark blue sea
O'er-canopied by heavens of sunny light;
While far and near the white-wing'd vessels see,
That breast the foamy surge, and proudly ride
In stately glory o'er the refluent tide!

III.

And bluely melting in the tints of morn
The rugged rocks begird the circling bay;
Bold, and abrupt, and frowning as in scorn
Of the dark billows that around them play—
While from the busy beech are swiftly borne
The sweeping boats—impatient foams the spray
Beneath the dripping oars; and on the strand
In varied groups the keen-eyed traders stand,

IV.

With gay enchantment, like a fairy dream,
Along the coast the glittering scene extends—
Sweet smiles o'er tower and fort the solar beam—
Afar the golden tissue spreads, and blends
The soft and bold in one harmonious gleam.
Now sorrow flies,—her boding vision ends—
And on the brow of grief reflected seems
The lucid smile that thro' the morning streams.

V.

Nature divine! magnificence of earth!
Most fair and beauteous world, whose sovereign power
O'er every passion (though of savage birth)
Can stem the torrents that tempestuous lower—
But most of sorrow, when the golden worth
Of thousands cannot buy one little hour
Of peace; nor yet an eastern monarch sway,
With all his gems, the sunshine of a day!

VI.

Oh! who is he whose scientific skill,
With magic hand, can claim the votive wreath?
Or learned in other lore, can form at will
Music's alluring spell—nay, call from death
The pallid cheek to live in freshness still?
Say! has he power, or art, to dig beneath
The baneful roots of sorrow, grief, and care,
And plant the blooms of smiling pleasure there?

VII.

Vain boast of man! behold, yon little flower
(A very weed on nature's varied wild,)
O'er the so wretched heart has nobler power,
And spreads a mightier charm for reason's child;
But when the spring within her gorgeous bower,
Or when the summer's noon-day sun has smiled,
Lo! chased by joy, dark sorrow melts away,
Like midnight clouds before the eye of day.

MY DEAR, MY NATIVE HOME.

I.

My dear, my native home,
Why did I ever leave thee!
Alas! why thus to roam,
Of thee did fate bereave me!

II.

Oh! brightest, sweetest spot
Of innocence and beauty!
Thou ne'er hast been forgot,
Thro' every toil and duty!

III.

Where free as mountain bird—
As zephyr light and fleeting—
My gladsome spirit stirred—
My careless heart was beating.

IV.

'Twas then I fondly knew
My first sweet hopes and pleasures;
Then young affections grew,
Which still my bosom treasures.

V.

With those—the kind and fond,
The friends so truly hearted!
I've known no joys beyond
The joys those friends imparted.

VI.

The ties of early love,
Of youth and beauty's twining;
Sweet recollections prove
How bright they then were shining.

VII.

The mirthful laughing lip—
The dance and festive measure—
The wine we used to sip—
The toast we used to treasure—

VIII.

Of these and more delights
In summer's cloudless weather;
Or when on wintry nights,
We all were gay together.

IX.

Of hills and glowing vales,
And flowers that then beset them,
Oh! I could tell sweet tales—
My heart can ne'er forget them.—

X.

Then dearest, native home,
Why did I ever leave thee!
Alas! why thus to roam,
Of thee did fate bereave me!

A SONG.

I.

THO' lowly and thatched, yet our home is the spot,
Where joys are the purest—where griefs are forgot;
'Tis the fond nest of all that affection holds dear,
And the cage of that bird that will sing all the year—
For hope, blithest hope! is the bird that is there!

II.

How dear is the cot, where in union we find,
The blessing of peace, the contentment of mind—
Amidst all the joys and sweet pleasures that come,
We sigh for one sweeter wherever we roam—
'Tis love, sweetest love! that sits waiting at home!

LET FOLLY SPORT IN GIDDY HOUR.

I.

Let Folly sport in giddy hour,
My conscious soul is free;
In glare and show there's little power
To weave a chain for me:
But sweet, oh! very sweet it seems,
When busy life is o'er,
To seek my native woodland streams,
And bless my home once more!

II.

The prouder hope, the vainer mind,
The lordly and the gay,
But little ween the bliss we find,
In haunts of mean array.
But love, and peace, and calm content,
And hearts that envy not;
These are the blessings Heaven has sent
To grace the rural cot!

III.

Then far from glare and pomp I fly,
To taste such joys as these;
Th' endearments of an azure eye,
And calm contented ease—
And from the meanest flowers that give
Their fragrance to the sky,
To learn the way I ought to live,
The way I ought to die.

TO ANNE.

FAIR promise of some future day,
  Love's fondest hope from early years,
Art thou for ever snatch'd away!
  Once lov'd in smiles, and now in tears;—
And tho' in tears, yet lov'd the more—
  Thy worth still blooms around thy tomb:
'Twas thus the Hebrew's staff of yore,
  A wither'd branch, began to bloom.

And long, sweet spirit, in my heart
Shall live enshrin'd this all of thee;
Thou living wast its dearer part—
Thy death can make no change in me.
The weary hours that pass between
The cradle and the silent grave,
Caught from the meteor thou hast been
A charm no other object gave.
And dearest Anne, tho' thou art gone,
This essence of thy life shall be,
Like sweetest fragrance breathing on,
From rosy blossoms pluck'd like thee.
But I have wept to think how fair,
How dear an object thus should die,
Forgetting such for ever are
The favour'd children of the sky!

And I have wept that youth and health,
And beauty's fairest, brightest bloom,
Stern death shall wither thus by stealth,
Nor time nor token mark its doom.
For blooming 'neath a summer sky
I saw thee late both fresh and fair;
Methought so bright thy radiant eye,
That death might read defiance there.
But there are spirits on the gale
Malignant from the haunts of death,
That poisonous over life prevail,
And taint, alas! the sweetest breath:—
Destructive while they fan the air,
Contagion lurks beneath their wing;
And, lo! how soon envenom'd there,
Life's boasted bloom deplores the sting—

Then nought avail the rosy hues
That blush upon the cheeks of health;
Youth can no saving magic use,
And vain the golden lures of wealth.
Well! be it so—the hand of Heaven
In thee has now reclaim'd its own;
Thou wert but for a season given,
A native of the skies alone!
Yet I had hoped some brighter year
Should o'er us pass with tranquil wing,
When love might fairer scenes endear,
And age at last its welcome bring.
Now this is o'er—tho' lov'd as well
As freedom by the prison'd slave:
Now this with thee must ever dwell
Sepulchred in the silent grave!

Yet not forgot—there lives on earth
A heart shall boast thy virtues here,
A breathing monument of worth,
That weeps in truth the mournful tear!
This too shall pass, and none shall know
The hallow'd spot where thou hast slept;
While he, perchance, who thus in woe
Now weeps for thee, shall die unwept!

ON THE DEATH OF ANNE.

I.

PERCHANCE a flower, and many a thorn,
All may meet where'er they rove;
Thus in the smiling paths of morn
I found a rose—the rose of love!

II.

And long I watch'd with anxious care
The ripening of this lovely flower;
A myrtle fence I planted there,
And meant it for my future bower.

III.

I left it then—for fate unkind
Drove me a wanderer o'er the sea;
Yet hoped some future day to find
My rose still blush its sweets for me.

IV.

But vain the early hopes of life!
Over the sunny paths we tread;
Too soon arise the storms of strife—
The path is lost, and hope is dead!

V.

For when again I sought the spot
Where late my cherish'd rose had blown;
Ah, my sad heart! I found it not!
A storm had pass'd, and all was gone!

VI.

And thus was blighted in my bower
Whatever life or youth adorns;
Death stole away the beauteous flower,
And strew'd my future path with thorns!

AN ADDRESS TO AN INFANT'S NATAL STAR,

ON THE DAY OF HER CHRISTENING.

I.

HAIL! lovely star, whose heavenly-fated beam
O'er infant Mary's mortal path appears;
Oh! shed prophetic lustre on my dream,
And gild the prospect of her future years.

II.

In this pure period of her destin'd ways
Be long thy guardian influence brightly given;
Illume this era of her Christian days,
And safely shield the adopted child of Heaven.

III.

Oh, catch one spark of radiance from the star,
That erst proclaim'd on earth an infant God,
To light her life through danger's paths afar,
With holy guidance in the steps *He* trod.

IV.

Receive from that unsullied fount the stream,
To chasten this frail course of worldly strife;
And hence let Wisdom light her purest beam,
To dawn with reason in the morn of life.

V.

Let guardian forms that haunt thy natal clime,
And track thy progress thro' the lapse of years,
Protect this infant on the stream of time,
From blights of sorrow and corroding fears.

VI.

Theirs be the power, the heavenly-gifted power,
Unsullied peace and virtue to supply,
Expressive grace to charm in sportive hour,
And light the smiles of beauty in her eye.

VII.

And as the treasures of her mind unfold,
Like summer roses, to the eye of day,
With fostering hands their tender blooms uphold,
And chase the low'ring clouds of care away.

A SONNET.

Most happy fair! 'tis thine in joy to move
Along the storm-protected paths of life,
A smiling mother, and a beauteous wife:—
Thy lonely pilgrimage is o'er—the dove
(Sweet harbinger of joy and mated love),
That bore of old Heaven's peace-revealing bough,
Taught thee domestic happiness—and thou
Hast guided home thy bark—no more to rove!—

There, ever skill'd (for ah! some clouds will rise)
To soothe, to cherish, and sweet solace give;
To spread a smile e'en o'er tempestuous skies,
As when thro' storms expands the golden eve;
Most happy fair! in thy delighting eyes
All-duteous joy and sweet contentment live.

A SONNET TO AN INFANT.

SWEET stranger! now on life's tumultuous sea
Thy boat is launched—but prosperous is the morn
Of thy young days—'neath guardian smiles they dawn;
And love, maternal love, doth guide for thee
Thy fragile bark.—Long *thus* most happy be,
Safe from tempestuous hate and worldly scorn!
And when in after days I see thee borne
On life's more fickle wave, expanding free

To hope's false gale thy sails in wanton pride;
Truth be thy star, and safety shall be thine!
May Heaven for thee thy mother's worth provide.
And if (life's heritage) pain and sorrow twine
Thorns with thy joy, oh! be they but supplied
To chasten life, and make it more divine!

BRIGHT VIRTUE, &c.

I.

BRIGHT virtue! in whose sunny ray
I fain would nobler ends pursue;
While vainly-flattering passions play
Like harmless adders in my view.

II.

Divinely led, I seek the vale,
The flowery vale of sweet content;
Far from ambition's stormy gale,
Or folly's tinsel ornament!

III.

The painted robes of care we find
Within the splendid halls of wealth!
In village haunts the quiet mind,
And all the rosy smiles of health!

IV.

There love and peace (I've seen them there)
O'er humble minds their blessings shed;
Feast with sweet looks on cottage fare,
And fondly press a thornless bed.

V.

And there (for know the gaudy flow'r
Like gilded vices shuns the vale),
Let modest violets round my bower,
Like these my humble hopes, prevail.

VI.

To frugal virtue thus inured,
What peace, what balmy peace, were mine!
On earth, all nobler good secured—
In heaven, a hope that is divine!

THE HAUGHTY SOUL, &c.

I.

THE haughty soul—the vain of heart—
The lifted up in pride—
What hope for these shall Heaven impart?
What future home provide?

II.

How quickly fades all worldly state—
Honor, how quickly lost!
How every day is charged with fate,
And mocks the idle boast!

III.

Then bow, proud man, a lowly knee—
Unbend thy haughty brow—
Compared with him who moulded thee,
How poor a worm art thou!

IV.

Esteem'st thou nought yon busy fly,
That skims the breezy morn?
Canst thou its sportive wings supply,
Or make its pliant horn?

V.

Thy statelier form, unthinking man,
No mightier skill could take;
The God of Heaven's stupendous plan
That humble fly did make!

VI.

Yes, he who has created thee,
Did thus its form endue,
Like thine, with life and symmetry,
Perchance as perfect too!

VII.

And hark from Heaven a message came,
A prophet breathed it here!—
Wouldst thou a crown immortal claim—
Bow down, proud man, and hear.—

VIII.

" The humble heart, the lowly mind,
" In soul the meekly pure,
" For these their God a home shall find
" For ever to endure!

IX.

" Above the world's substantial base—
" Th' eternal heavens above—
" In his own home of holy place—
" A home of peace and love!"

A STRANGER HAD WANDERED, &c.

I.

A STRANGER had wandered from Indian climes,
When round him the sea-rocking tempest did beat;
And he thought of the days and the happier times
When the shores of his home had blessed his feet.

II.

Yet he blamed not the storm, or the rage of that sea,
Tho' death seem'd to ride on that boisterous gale;
No! blessed for ever that tempest shall be
That hurried his course to the bay of Kinsale.

III.

Could he hope to have found, while the elements swept
O'er his wandering bark, so delightful a home;
Or have thought that the sun-beam of destiny slept
In storms that were threat'ning eternity's doom!

IV.

Yet he found in that island, when most he had need,
Around him the sunshine of happiness glow;
And he said, "Oh 'twas Heaven in mercy decreed
"The fountain of peace here for strangers should flow."

V.

Then blest be that isle, and may never be dim
The beams o'er its verdure so cheeringly cast;
Whose sons thus could welcome a stranger like him—
The ocean-toss'd rover—the sport of the blast.

VI.

And thou, lovely Emma, whose heart and whose form
He'll fondly remember where'er he shall roam,
As sweeter than sunshine in paths of the storm,
And dear as the smiles that shall welcome him home.

VII.

At the cove of Kinsale he has wander'd with thee,
And his heart beat alive to its happiness then;
For he read in those eyes how content he could be
In the radiant spell of their smiles to remain.

VIII.

But destiny call'd, and the favouring gales
O'er the bosom of ocean more tranquilly rov'd;
And while softly they play'd in the swell of his sails,
The stranger was gone from the land that he lov'd.

IX.

Tho' his own native shores shall be sweet to his eye;
Tho' the friends of his home shall a welcome endear;
Yet the cove of Kinsale he has left with a sigh,
And bless'd the bright looks that have smiled on him there.

THE BITTER SKY, &c.*

I.

THE bitter sky, the freezing wind,
Can never chill the feeling mind,
And they will ever spare
Its dearest hopes, its dearest friends,
That virtue wins, or fortune sends,
Or love has centred there.

* These lines were composed on the top of a coach one night, when connecting circumstances put the Author in mind of that beautiful song, "Blow, blow, thou Winter's Wind."

II.

'Tis true the tear that dims the eye
Now curdles in the bitter sky,
And falls an icy gem!
But oh! its source a bosom's woe,
The heart and soul that bade it flow,
It has not frozen them!

III.

Yon dazzling wreath of radiant snow,
Now brilliant in the lunar glow,
Shall own a warmer ray;
The icy drops of early morn,
The spangle on the glittering thorn,
Shall melt in brighter day:—

IV.

But let the wretch who lives to find
His hopes deceived, and friends unkind,
In death's cold arms be laid;
For oh! the bosom knows no sting,
That fate can send, or sorrow bring,
Like honest faith betray'd!

I SAW IN FOLLY'S, &c.

I.

I SAW in folly's wildering maze
A votive child of song;
Who gaily pass'd his early days
In pleasure's giddy throng.

II.

The haggard form of want at last
Pursued his venturous way;
And o'er the joyless minstrel pass'd,
And mark'd him for its prey.

III.

I saw him struggling with the storm
On life's tumultuous sea;
While hover'd o'er the phantom form
Of blighting misery.

IV.

In rich array his haughty foes
Had barr'd th' unfriendly gate;
Derision mock'd his wretched woes,
And scorn'd his hapless fate.

V.

And heaven at last grew drear and dark,
And threat'nings thunder'd there;
While hope, that steer'd his little bark,
Betray'd him to despair.

VI.

But sure the bolt that thunders round,
From mercy's seat is given;
While in the direful storm is found
The chast'ning hand of Heaven.

VII.

I saw him gazing in the west,
Repentance in his eye;
The golden sun sunk down to rest,
And brighten'd all the sky.

VIII.

I saw a tear, that gushing caught
The ray that softly beam'd;
And hope's returning smile, methought,
The bright reflection seem'd.

LIE STILL MY HEART, &c.

"And I said, O that I had wings like a dove; then would I flee away, and be at rest!"

I.

Lie still my heart, lie still and rest,
Nor let thy sorrow flow;
There is a grief for every breast,
A fate for all below.

II.

Hope on for happier days in store,
Jehovah yet has power
To strew thy path with flowers once more,
And bless thy future hour!

III.

Then sigh not with impatient wing
To leave thy station here;
But wait the blessings Heaven may bring
With penitential tear.

HERE RESTS, &c.

HERE rests in deep sepulchral gloom,
An early victim of the tomb—
Her radiant eye, her graceful form,
Hath sunk beneath life's fatal storm—
A form that felt affection's glow—
An eye that wept at other's woe—
These, these that must for ever die,
Beneath in peaceful slumber lie.
But O! that form's immortal part,
The beating pulse within that heart,

Her soul, the fount that did supply
Both life and radiance to her eye—
Oh! this remains no longer here,
But seeks above its native sphere;
Where angels hail its heavenward flight,
And guide it to the realms of light;—
Thus all that's pure, and all that's fair,
We trust unto their gracious care,
To trace the steps a *Saviour* trod,
And lead it to the throne of God.

NOW JUDAH HAD HUMBLED, &c.

I.

Now Judah had humbled her haughty and proud,
And death pass'd away from her king like a cloud;
And the sign of the Lord spread an awe through the land—
For the sun had gone back at Jehovah's command!

II.

With gifts for the king, that all splendidly shone,
Came wondering slaves from the proud Babylon;
And he said in his pride, "Through the east they shall sing
"Of the glory of Zion—the strength of her king!"

III.

Then he show'd them his treasures, his silver and gold,
And the spice and the jewels his palace did hold;
And he show'd them his shields and his chariots of war,
And his temples and cities that gleam'd from afar.

IV.

" Behold ye these splendours, that numberless be
" As the waves of the wide multitudinous sea!
" Go, speak ye of Zion—the strength of her wall—
" And say, Hezekiah is monarch of all!"

V.

Proud Judah! and didst thou forget, in thy pride,
That these were the riches thy God did provide?
But the wrath of his sword shall in vengeance be hurl'd,
And show thee Jehovah is Lord of the world.

VI.

Time hastened away—but a whirlwind had blown,
And Judah lay scatter'd—her cities o'erthrown—
Her pride all departed—her splendour all gone—
And her princes were slaves to the proud Babylon.

PARAPHRASE OF THE 137TH PSALM.

I.

By the waters of Babylon we sate us down and wept,
For the thought of thee, O Zion! in our bosoms never slept;
Our harps we hung in silence and in sadness on the willows
That wave upon the tall banks of Babylon's proud billows.

II.

For they who led us captive, our iron-hearted foes,
Requir'd of us a song, in the fulness of our woes:
They mock'd our tears with mirth, saying, "Sing us your proud story,
"Of Judah in her strength, and of Zion in her glory!"

III.

Shall I smile at mine own bondage? shall I sing Jehovah's
song
In the country of the stranger? Nay, wither'd be my
tongue,
And my right hand 'reft her cunning, oh, thou country
of my birth!
When I weep not for thee, Zion, when I slight thee in
my mirth!

IV.

Oh! thou, our great avenger, Lord God, remember Edom,
And the scoffing of her sons, in the fall of Judah's
freedom;
How they shook our trembling halls with the loud
insulting sound,
Crying, "Down with it—down with it—even to the
ground!"

V.

Oh! Babylon's proud daughter, devoted to the sword,
They shall waste thee in thy day, as thou the children
of the Lord:
Yea! blessed, who in that dark hour, regardless of thy
moans,
Shall take thy babes and dash them in their blood upon
the stones!

TO MARIA.

WITH A DRAWING OF SAPPHO FALLING FROM A ROCK.

I.

WHAT heavenly breath was Sappho's sigh!
The soul of music melted there;
And, floating through a Grecian sky,
Immortaliz'd the tuneful fair.

II.

Ill-fated maid! how sad a doom
Seal'd those fair lips, in beauty's prime!
And quench'd within a wat'ry tomb
The fire that made her song sublime.

III.

But while she sprang with fierce desire,
And headlong cleaved the briny sea,
Some muse upheld the falling lyre,
And kept, fair maid, the prize for thee.

IF THOU WOULDST CHOOSE, &c.

I.

If thou wouldst choose an humble mate,
And bless a cot of lowly state;
If thou canst live on simple store,
A poor man's plenty, but no more;
Where rosy health and peace will stay,
But high-born luxury pine away:
If humbly thus our hearts agree,
Oh! Mary, come, and live with me!

II.

I boast no massy goblets: here
No bowls of costly wine appear:
Ah, no! the naiads' fount is mine,
Through whose bright waves the pebbles shine:—
It mocks the sense with no deceit,—
In summer cool, in winter sweet,—
Yet sweeter far, would Mary bring
Refreshment from its lucid spring.

III.

And can, sweet maid, thy taste admire
A simple guise, a rude attire;
Forego the gems the wealthy prize,
And trust the magic of thine eyes?
While I—alas! I have no skill—
No syren lure, to charm at will—
No lofty hopes assail my breast,
And mine's an erring heart at best.

IV.

But if to love thee true and well,
To find thee life's beguiling spell,
Thy lip sweet solace in despair,
Thy tear a balm in every care,
Thy smile, to gladden grief away,
Like sunshine thro' the clouds of day:
If these are riches thou wilt need—
Oh, Mary, I am rich indeed!

V.

I will not promise peace for ever,
For that is found by mortals never;
I will not speak of happiness,
For Heaven may frown, and make it less;
But all I'll promise shall be thine,
Whate'er I have, or can be mine;
A poor man's wealth I may impart,
In this small boast—an honest heart!

SWEET SPIRIT, &c.

SWEET spirit, though the lapse of time
May wither many an opening flower
That blossoms in this earthly clime—
A little space, a fleeting hour;
No purer soul can pass away,
To trace with angel flight the sky,
Nor love e'er mourn a darker day,
Than when, alas! we saw thee die!
But since the paths of mortal life
Our fate has doom'd to sorrow's chain,
Oh! we may bless that hour of strife
That freed thee from a world of pain.

Yet 'twas an aching sight, to see
The fading of that dark chaste eye;
That throbbing brow we could not free—
And oh! that speechless agony!
But now 'tis past, and thou art gone
Where all the good like thee shall go;
And losing this, thou well hast won
A life more blest than here we know.
To sicken when thy morn did shine,
To die when summer life should be,
And love had wove a wreath divine,
To shed its promised sweets for thee;
Ah! this indeed hath wak'd a pain
The heart not soon shall cease to feel;
And death, alas! must strike again,
Ere yet his wounds for ever heal.

But who thy mother's grief shall stay,
Or soothe affliction's weeping brow?
Who chase thy sister's tears away?
Alas! a lonely sister now!
Sweet spirit! from thy blessed sphere,
If Heaven permits thee hence to roam,
Oh! thou wilt watch their sorrows here,
And hover o'er thy once-loved home!
And bending o'er their couch of woe,
With unseen hands their eyelids close;
Chase the sad tears that warmly flow,
And kiss them into sweet repose.
This hope shall cheer their thoughts by day,
This spell shall form their dreams by night;
Nor morning's beam shall chase away
The solace of a dream so bright.

Whatever lovely smiles around,
An emblem of thy form shall be;
In all that's sweet and fair be found
Some charm that shall resemble thee.
When flowery blooms delight the eye,
We'll then remember thou wert fair;
And when, alas! we see them die,
We'll drop for thee the silent tear.
And every beam that tints the skies,
Ere clouds deform the orient hue,
We'll liken to thy radiant eyes,
As bright—ah now as clouded too!
Thy worth, not like the fleeting ray
Which fame and glory shed for men,
Shall triumph in the realms of day,
And charm rejoicing friends again:

For, oh! a more immortal doom,
Thy matchless merit there shall claim,
Thy virtue shall outlive the tomb,
Of beauty, honour, glory, fame.
Yon star, that sheds its twilight beam,
That shone of old, and long will shine,
Shall fade in time's eternal stream,
When thou in heaven art all divine.

ONE LITTLE RELIC I WOULD CRAVE.

I.

One little relic I would crave
Of her, who in the silent grave
Now sleeps, from sorrow free;
And with most anxious hope I sue,
For memory's sake, and friendship's too,
This little boon of thee!

II.

It is a gift I'd cherish well,
In busy crowd or lonely dell,
And wheresoe'er I go;
That long should last a spell for me,
To think of her, to think of thee,
In pleasure and in woe!

III.

To think of thee, while friendship's tear,
In tender guise, in hope sincere,
Should fondly love to flow;
And, 'midst the bursting sighs of grief,
Would give the small tho' sweet relief,
That pity's tears bestow.

IV.

To think of her, who late was seen,
With radiant eye and fairest mien,
And deck'd with summer's bloom;
To think of her who lately died,
And found, alas! in beauty's pride,
The dark and dreary tomb!

V.

Oh! let me then this relic claim,
To form a brooch, or weave her name,
And be my bosom's care;
And memory's light, and friendship's ray,
Shall hallow through this mortal way
A lock of Betsy's hair!

LINES,

PROMPTED BY A DEED OF CONSCIOUS RECTITUDE.

I.

How bless'd that hour of calm repose
When thornless roses strew the way,
When no rude storm of passion blows,
And bright reflection suns the day!
Away, ye dreams of fever'd bliss—
Give me one blessed hour like this!

II.

How sweet that self-approving voice
That speaks within the conscious breast,
When all its secret thoughts rejoice,
And blend in unison of rest;
Like billows on a placid sea,
Sleeping in smooth tranquillity!

III.

Ye pleasing hopes, no more depart;
For such the glorious effort gains,
When reason guides the feeble heart,
When pleasure dies and virtue reigns:
Thus shall each secret thought bestow
A hope above, and peace below!

IV.

Go on, my soul, fair truth be thine,
With error hold eternal strife;
Though syren pleasures round thee twine,
'Tis virtue smoothes the waves of life:
Not earthly crowns of endless price
Can buy that self-approving voice.

V.

Go on, my soul, that power obey,
That heaven-born power that speaks within;
It strews with flowers the righteous way,
And goads with thorns the steps of sin:
So shall thy nobler spirit climb
For peace beyond the reach of time!

VI.

Such might (e'en Heaven records the deed)
To virtue's sacred power was given,
When erst, to claim his glorious meed,
The holy prophet soar'd to heaven:—
Oh, Virtue! thus my steps controul,
And wing for heaven-ward flight my soul!

A FRAGMENT.

Oh, gentle friends! how many a happy day,
With more than eagle-plume, has pass'd away!
How many a dream has seem'd to cheat my view,
Bright with the dearer forms of those I knew;
Of those I knew when love and hope imprest
Their first bright dawnings on my raptur'd breast!
Oh, sweet employ! to wander back in mind
To scenes most lovely, and to friends most kind;
For whom, in happier days and earlier hours,
Mirth twined with chastest hands her glowing bowers

Of love and peace, and bade hope's sweetest ray
Wake a bright promise for each future day!
Around in every form, in every mind,
Was all that merit gives, or worth can find:
While I, oh happy age! at least possest
The seeds of virtue in my tortured breast;
A heart's content, from whence all comfort flows,
To antidote the draught of human woes;
A sweet reflection of all earthly things,
That speaketh peace within—that outward sings
" Of pleasures past, and many a joy to come
" Where'er ideas fly, or senses roam;"
While o'er the dimpled cheek some sunny ray
Smiled, as on tranquil streams the eye of day.
Or if a care had cast its gloomier shade,
(Since joy for man is but imperfect made),
'Twas but the sprinklings of a summer's rain,
When clouds pass off, and all is bright again.

Oh! how could sorrow in an hour so fair
Intrude one sigh, or weep one moment there?
There where gay youth and beauty's dearest smile,
Illumed with gladdened eyes my heart the while.
These thoughts, like old unshaken roots that spread
Deep in the earth, when their high boast is dead,
Will linger yet, and mark the ruin'd scene
Where beauty smiled, and pleasure once hath been—
Tho' fate has long these glowing scenes denied,
And joy has perished like the forest's pride.

TO A MOTH.

I.

Poor insect of the tiny wing!
Thou little moth! to thee I sing,
For thou art ever gay:
The while beneath a summer sky,
I see thee round in circles fly,
Courting its placid ray.

II.

Or where the twilight's softer beam
Steals sweetly o'er the limpid stream,
Thy myriad tribes are found;
And while the moon with silver light
Sheds softly thro' the silent night
Her dewy lustre round!

III.

Poor harmless moth! thy little life
Avoids the breath of storms and strife,
Blest by each milder breeze;
Then come! my rosy bower invade,
And dwell in solitude and shade,
For I too joy in these!

VI.

Then if some boist'rous gale of wind
Molests thee with its breath unkind,
A leaf shall safely yield :
Oh yes ! to guard thy tender form,
Be this, thro' all the passing storm,
Thy little verdant shield.

V.

And should at last a changeful sky
No longer gentle beams supply
With summer's balmy spell,
Then come beneath my roof and find
Warm shelter from the friendless wind,
And in my curtain dwell.

VI.

Ah yet! beware the taper's light
That sheds its dazzling beams by night
To lure thee to thy fate;
Away, away, thou foolish thing,
And rush not thus with hasty wing
To end thy little date!

VII.

Yet man himself too oft I ween,
Where'er ambition's torch is seen,
Will vainly thus presume;
While, like a dazzling meteor's blaze,
It leads him with deceitful rays,
And lures him to the tomb!

VIII.

Then rest, thou little moth, secure,
Since winter will not long endure,
But spring return once more;
And summer suns again shall fling
Soft radiance o'er thy silken wing,
And all thy joys restore!

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I.

Go, beauteous insect of the passing hour,
The transient glories of thy wings disclose;
Feed on the fragrance of each honied flower,
Of roseate lustre, or of drooping snows!

II.

May no rude hand those glowing pinions tear,
Or cruel brush their sparkling hues away;
Skim, while thou may'st, the flowery-scented air,
And drink the radiance of the noon-tide ray!

III.

For love can tell thee summer skies will fade,
When flowers their fragrant leaves unfold no more;
But hold from thirsty lips the sweets they shade,
And ruin all they dearly nursed before.

IV.

Ah! while too soon those cloudless minutes fly,
We thus alike their fleeting lapse condemn;
For those sweet smiles no longer bless the eye
Of him whose heart had only beat for them!

V.

Yet happier thou! an early doom is thine,
The first rude storm receives thy parting breath;
While misery's sigh and sorrow's tears are mine,
Whose love is doom'd a long and lingering death!

I SEND THEE, LOVE, &c.

I SEND thee, love, a blushing rose—
In heavenly fragrance sweet it blows;
And I have search'd the blooming bower,
To send my love a thornless flower:—
Oh, useless toil! oh, luckless morn!
On every rose I found a thorn.
And shall I send this rose, said I,
To blush beneath my Mary's eye?
For oft, 'tis said, that love discloses
Lurking thorns, like briary roses;
And these, that every stem invest,
May pierce her bosom, wound its rest;
And she may think its pang may prove
The herald of inconstant love.

As thus I stood, in doubtful fear,
While yet the rose was blushing near,
The place a balmy fragrance fill'd,
And softer zephyrs round me thrill'd;
Waved to their breath the conscious flowers,
And deeper crimson flush'd the bowers.
Warn'd by the rose's blushing vest,
And by my anxious throbbing breast,
I knew some form or spirit fair,
With step divine, was haunting there.
She came, she came! and every breeze
Wafted Æolian melodies:
She came, the queen of every bower,
To vindicate her sweetest flower.
A beauteous troop of winged boys
Her ever-changing vest employs;
Who, as the roses breathe and die,
With living blooms its folds supply.

She spoke, and every passing air
Was warm'd with honey'd fragrance there.
As thus she spoke, soft music found
Its sweetest spell in every sound:—
" Forbear, impassion'd youth! forbear
" To chide the thorns my roses wear;
" For he who loves, must learn to prove
" The rose is but the type of love.
" The brilliant lapse of fleeting youth,
" Tho' dear to love, and dear to truth,
" Is doom'd to sorrows, doom'd to fears,
" Weeps like the rose in morning's tears,
" When o'er the hand that culls the flower
" Falls its bright gems in dewy shower.
" He knows no joy who feels no sorrows—
" Love half its sweets from weeping borrows.
" In rapture's eye the lucid tear
" Will flow from joy, and gem its sphere:

" 'Tis the warm sigh that rends the breast,
" Sweet'ning its dearest hour of rest.
" Lives there a heart that did not prove
" A tear, or sigh, or grief, in love?
" Go, hapless youth! thou ne'er shalt find
" The hopes that thrill a feeling mind:
" Ah, maid unblest! no heart for thee
" Shall beat with kindred sympathy!
" For when to love thro' grief you rove,
" Its pangs have pow'r to sweeten love:
" And he who scorns the painful woe,
" Which lovers know, and fondly know,
" Shall never taste those joys at last
" That dearly pay for troubles past;
" As he shall ne'er possess the rose,
" Who flies the thorn that round it grows."
She ceased: and from my dazzling view
To native skies the goddess flew;

And all the shining lustre fled
That round the bower her presence spread;
And hence like sunbeams seem'd to fly,
When clouds pass o'er the azure sky,
And shadow with a gloomy flight
The spot that smiled with sunny light.
Then, lovely Mary! take the flower—
It blossom'd in thy lover's bower:
Tho' briary thorns its stem invest,
'Tis like the love that pains his breast;
Which, day nor night from sorrow free,
Still sighs in fond complaints for thee.
Oh! place it on thy lovely breast,
As gay to smile, as calm to rest,
As when within its native air
It bloom'd indeed, but not so fair:
And shouldst thou feel a thorn for me,
I'll double every grief for thee!

SEE, FANNY, NOW, &c.

See, Fanny! now the golden ray
Of summer decks the verdant way,
And to the enamour'd eye bestows
The lily pale, the crimson rose;
Sheds o'er our path a sunny glare,
And gleams along the sultry air;
While fainting zephyr scarcely breathes
Among the stilly pendent leaves,
Where hush'd the little warblers rest,
With sleepy eye and ruffled breast!

Now, sportive through the noon-tide hour,
Roves the gay bee from flower to flower,
And on his busy wing pursues
The fragrant balm, the honied dews,
Like pearly tears that sweetly dwell
Luxurious in each flowery bell:
Then come, my Fanny! let us trace
The little wanderer in his chase;
Thine arm in mine I'll fondly lay
And thus together we will stray;
I, fonder than th' enamour'd bee—
Thou, sweeter than his rose to me.
Behold the little pilferer flies
To yonder flower of snowy dies,
While pendent, o'er its leafy bed
The lily droops its modest head.
A painted tulip next unfolds
The beauties which his eye beholds—

Veil'd in a robe of splendour gay
He rifles all—then wings away.
Inconstant bee! lo, where'er he goes
To cull the fragrance of a rose!
With lure divine, the lovely bloom
Around him breathes a sweet perfume:
Queen of the summer! beauteous flow'r!
Untouch'd, unsullied, till this hour,
Save when the zephyrs mild and bland
(Like wanderers to an Indian land)
Bear on their silken wings away
Its spicy fragrance as they stray;
But lo! this bold intruder brings
Envenom'd darts, and ruder wings;
Seizes on all its balmy store,
And ah, ungrateful! pants for more;
And then with pinions wild and gay
He hastens from the bloom away—

Alas! too rudely brush'd—around
A crimson ruin strews the ground;
Sullied by every breath unkind,
The sport of every passing wind.
Thus, Fanny! thus, how oft we see
That love is like this fickle bee,
And roves a vain, inconstant child
With hopes as gay and wings as wild;
While beauty's but a transient flower,
The blossom of a fleeting hour,
Oft left unfriended—sad—forlorn,
An object for the breath of scorn.
Nay, sweetest love! forgive the thought,
And from that eye with feeling fraught
Dry up the tear—for if to be
Love's only joy is sweet to thee;
To dwell the lasting cherish'd part
Of smiling hope within my heart;

Oh trust! thy lover long shall trace
Each blossom in thy beauty's grace;
Shall find the violet's azure dies
In thy most soft and beaming eyes;
And on thy neck the lily's snows,
And on thy cheek the crimson rose,
And like the bee in sunny hour,
The sweets that dwell in every flower;
Oh yes! and when in wintry day
The lustre of those eyes decay,
And all that beauty's roseate bloom
Is chill'd by fate's injurious doom;
Ah, then unlike the faithless bee,
For ever wandering, wild, and free,
His constant soul no change shall sever,
In Fanny's smile made blest for ever.

LINES,

ON HAVING A ROSE THAT HAD WITHERED RETURNED TO ME.

I.

"HERE, take the rose!" she wildly said,
And from the bower she hasted;
Her tears were on its blushes shed,
Like gems profusely wasted.

II.

I took the rose: I trembling took
The flow'ret from her fingers;
But, heavens! oh, how her parting look
Still on my fancy lingers!

III.

I gave the rose in happier hours;
And, with a heart of gladness,
I cull'd it from the brightest bowers—
But all are changed to sadness!

IV.

The winter hand of time has stole
Thus o'er the blooming treasure;
And mingles poison in the bowl
Of love, of hope, and pleasure.

V.

"Poor wither'd rose!" I sighing said,
As from her hand I took thee;
"Decay has bent thy lovely head,
"And beauty's smile forsook thee!

VI.

" And does she weep, to think how vain
" The hopes now smiling o'er us,
" How pleasure's path but leads to pain,
" How winter frowns before us?

VII.

" And does she think that fortune's hate
" The heart's fond ties shall sever;
" Or, shrinking from the storms of fate,
" Love's magic rose must wither?

VIII.

" Poor emblem of a wretched heart!
" Thus blighted, scorn'd, and broken;
" For youth and bloom will soon depart,
" And love confess the token.

IX.

" Go, ask her, should misfortune's day
" Ordain her love's undoing,
" Will she then fling his heart away,
" Like thee, poor rose! in ruin?"

TO IANTHE.

To speak of thee I've lov'd so long—
To paint the dreams of ardent hope,
Might well deserve a sweeter song,
And give the wildest fancy scope;
And yet, the strain would ill impart
The glow that dream of rapture wore,
When love's first tide within my heart
First flow'd, to ebb away no more.
With passing breezes lightly dwells
The fragrance of the bashful rose:
So music's voice but faintly tells
How fond the sigh of rapture flows!—

How many a happy hour had pass'd
All weary, but for this fond theme—
To think of thee, who ever wast
My daily thought and nightly dream!
Delighted in the grove, the bower,
To see the hues thy features wear,
Fancy thy bloom on every flower,
Thy balmy breath on every air;
How summer-beams but seem thine own,
And shine resplendent in thine eye;
How nature lends thy dulcet tone
To every wave that murmurs by!
And thus thou wear'st a charm for me,
That spreads around thro' earth and air,
And nothing sweet or fair can be
But when thou shed'st this magic there:

And if there's aught in heaven or earth
Of good, that fate has doom'd for me,
I could not think the thing of worth
That had no kindred charm for thee.
Fairest Ianthe! kindest, best—
Fairest of all that ever lov'd!
Who well canst soothe the heart to rest
That long the ills of life has prov'd.
Whatever cloud o'erhangs the brow,
Howe'er the soul is lone and sad,
'Tis thou, sweet maid! and only thou,
Whose smiles can make its spirit glad:
Oh! these unto my heart have been
Like stars that kindred planets warm;
There burning, as they burn serene,
And reckless of the passing storm;

Thro' every day, thro' every night,
(What tho' unseen by mortal eye!)
The same in spheres of purest light,
The same when tempests sweep the sky.
Then who shall blame the secret sigh
That plays in fondness o'er thy face?
And who shall scorn th' adoring eye
That loves its roseate bloom to trace?
Haste, haste, Ianthe, haste away!
Here slander points the venom'd wound,
And, foes to love's divinest sway,
The snakes of envy hiss around.
Loose, loose the sails! while breezes blow
Thus gently o'er the rippling tide:
Come, loose the sails! and we will go
Far from this land of hate and pride.

Yes, wafted o'er the world's wide sea,
Oh, never could my spirit tire!
Thro' every change to find in thee,
Still changeless, still my soul's desire.
Then loose the sails, and we will go
Far from these haunts of busy men;
The vain and proud shall never know
How bright our paths of pleasure then.
Others may call their ladies fair,
And rove o'er pleasure's smiling sea;
But, losing thee, oh! I could dare
All dreaded ills to seek for thee!
And love and joy the world may give,
With many a sweet endearing tie:
Tho' all for these would fondly live,
For thee, Ianthe, I could die!

COME, INDEPENDENCE, &c.

I.

COME, Independence! from thy sylvan vale,
Thy breast unrob'd, and tresses waving light;
With spirit buoyant as the breezy gale,
And wild as eagle on his rock-form'd height!

II.

Come, nymph propitious! come, with cheerful eye,
Thou friend of freedom, and her mountain train!
Come, joyous nymph! repress the frequent sigh,
And tear from slavery's arm the galling chain.

III.

I seek thy blessings, yet with humble mind:
Contentment never dwells in sordid ore!
No fretted roofs my soul aspires to find—
But bless my cottage, and I ask no more.

IV.

Here, doom'd to toil among the selfish crowd,
A slave, a very slave, for paltry gain;
Where fortune smiles but on the venal proud,
While scorn'd of thee I bear life's rankling chain.

V.

Lured by thy charms, I'd live in rural guise,
Ungraced with honours and the pomp of pride;
Heedless of grandeur, humble hopes despise;
The useless bauble and its glare deride

VI.

How unambitious would I trace with thee,
In joyous mood, the soft enamel'd field;
The crystal wave and vernal flower, for me
More joy than gems or Tuscan wines could yield.

VII.

Let Cromwells, envious of the regal state,
Chase high-born monarchs from the sceptred throne;
Tho' at my beck should fortune's bounties wait,
How few the blessings would I deign to own!—

VIII.

A mind untrammel'd by the need of gain—
A cottage cheer'd by kind Ianthe's eye—
Blest by the muse to breathe a sweeter strain—
To live respected, and lamented die.

UNBLEST I TRACE, &c.

I.

" UNBLEST I trace the lone benighted way,
" And seek a shelter from inclement skies!"
A hapless swain thus breathed the melting lay,
And pour'd on friendship's ear his restless sighs.

II.

How oft, alas! we find life's matin flower
Fall the poor victim of the nipping gale!
While penury and scorn relentless lower,
Hope flies unblest, and love and friendship fail.

III.

With vain regret I mark the changeful round
Of hopes and fears in sad succession rise;
Revolving suns re-deck the verdant ground—
But ah! how soon its boasted verdure dies!

IV.

And where are now the glittering dreams of youth,
When expectation's star unclouded shone?
By fancy dizen'd in the guise of truth—
See, chased by time, the gay deception gone!

V.

Frail as the web by poor Arachne wove,
A breath has wither'd, or a dew-drop torn;
So the bright hopes of fairy fancy prove
Her airy visions and her charms of morn!

VI.

A sunny cloud—a rainbow's fleeting hue,
Seem these bright pageants of the heated mind,
That, glittering, cheat the vain deluded view,
And leave for solace but a tear behind.

VII.

And such is pleasure—such the brilliant ray,
When joy illusive charms the sportive hour:
See storms portentous dim the noon of day,
And the dark clouds of disappointment lower!

VIII.

And such is nature in her gayest trim—
A rose's lustre, or a summer's sky!
Ere joy expands, lo! waning nature dim—
The summer darkens, and the roses die.

IX.

Yet not for me, should spring eternal blow,
Would spring eternal all her sweets unfold:
For wealth alone the fadeless roses grow—
E'en lavish nature swells her lap for gold.

X.

On lucre's sons the wreaths of fame await;
E'en freedom glories in the sordid ore;
While bound subservient to the wealthy great,
She scorns the slave on Afric's branded shore!

XI.

The wretched slave, who in the darksome mine
For fortune's sons his peaceful home foregoes,
Sees by his toils their gaudy trappings shine;
Himself a victim of unpitied woes.

XII.

Yet why repine, poor hapless slave, with thee?
Sure fancied woes my heart capricious move:
One blessing cheers the rayless gloom for me,—
Tho' fortune frowns, I boast the smiles of love!

XIII.

Yes, dear Ianthe! thine the gentle form
I fain would shelter from inclement skies;
O'er me relentless sweep, thou ruthless storm!
But for my love let cloudless suns arise!

TO IANTHE.

I.

Soft breathes the spirit of the morning gale,
O'er nature's flowery lap the sweetest sigh;
High poised in air above the dewy vale,
Gay sings the lark amid the dappled sky.

II.

Sing on, sweet bird! while far Ianthe strays—
In these lone hours thy wonted skill employ—
Sing on! entranced I list thy cheering lays,
Deeming all sweet that gives Ianthe joy.

III.

Yes! these delight the ear, and these amuse
The eye—tho' here Ianthe smiles no more;
Her bird and bower their charm can ne'er refuse,
For all must please that charmed my love before.

IV.

Where is my love? alas, in happier climes
With other swains the beauteous truant roves!
While round her steal their softly melting rhymes,
And sport in gayer trim persuasive loves.

V.

Can pleasure's honied cup delight my fair,
Or flattery's sigh her listening ear detain?
No!—sorrowing, perhaps, she breathes the plaint of care,
And mourns—of absence mourns the cruel pain.

VI.

Yet hark! I hear the gay deceitful tongue,
And pleasure's beckoning hand methinks I see!
Lo! where she spreads her wily nets along,
And lures with smiles the doubtful fair from me!

VII.

See! joy dispels the true and faithful tear,
And lights along her cheek the dimpled smile!
Now truth's pure banners seem no longer dear,
Now love neglected flies the conquering wile!

VIII.

Away! ye scorpions, from my breast away!
Avaunt! suspicion, to thy native hell!
'Tis false—see beauteous as the rising day,
She flies the lure where honour scorns to dwell.

IX.

Dear injured maid!—what fury roused my mind
To deem Ianthe could inconstant prove?
When truth and virtue for their votary twin'd
Their fairest blossoms with the wreaths of love.

X.

Tho' flattery's tongue its syren skill employs,
Still be my hopes to jealous doubt unknown!
Tho' lost, for ever lost, to other joys,
Ianthe's truth my grateful muse shall own.

END OF VOL. I.

NORMAN, Printer, 29, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

MISCELLANEOUS

Poems.

BY ROBERT POWER.

O præclaram emendatricem vitæ, poeticam!—CICERO.

For love itself is born of song.—FITZADAMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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Poems.

POEMS.

ANACREON IN HEAVEN;

OR, THE RIVALRY OF LOVE AND WINE.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

In golden tints had died away
The last bright streaks of parting day,
Whose glorious god had driven to rest,
Beneath the ocean's purple breast,
His fiery steeds,
And on Olympus join'd th' immortal powers,
Where Hebe feeds
The thirsty lip with heaven's ambrosial showers:

There Bacchus, jovial Bacchus sate,
Whose laugh the starry roofs rebound;
See him, with sparkling wine elate,
And brow with blushing roses crown'd!
His goblet then he raised on high,
(While gaily laugh'd his reeling eye,)
And pledged to old Anacreon's lyre
Libations deep and strong;
" For know," said he, " his songs of fire,
" Which men applaud and gods admire,
" To wine alone belong!
" 'Tis Anacreon, minstrel gay,
" Laughs the cares of life away!
" Happier far than mighty kings,
" O'er the mantling cup he sings;
" While the rivals, youth and age,
" Combat for the glowing sage:

" Hoary tresses round him fly—
" Youthful smiles illume his eye—
" While he quaffs the flowing bowl,
" Blissful visions warm his soul:
" Waking then a heart divine,
" I am his, and he is mine!"

But Love was there!
Whose wings with wild impatience rose,
And fluttering, fann'd the angry air:
Then deep the mantling crimson glows,
As through his frame the tides of passion fly,
Burn on his cheek, and sparkle in his eye!
And snatching his harp, the wild breeze, as it past,
Thrill'd o'er the tremulous wire,
Till o'er it his fingers he hastily cast,
And awaken'd its slumbering fire:—

The mother of smiles and of rosy delight
Hung over her favourite child,
And blest, while she wreathed his forehead of white,
His numbers impassion'd and wild;
And, stealing around him with silent joy,
The graces applauded the glowing boy.
" Oh, mighty Jove! who from these heights hast hurl'd
" Thy vivid lightning on the wondering world,
" And scar'd the trembling sphere!
" When earth has quak'd, and groaning hell has found
" The bursting echo of the thunder's sound
" Startle her caves with awful fear!
" Shall thus we hear this reeling god,
" Whom mortals call divine,
" Whose spirit stains thy bright abode,
" And dims thy stars with wine?

" Shall he (oh, no! avert it, Jove!)
" Thus claim th' immortal harp of love;
" The Teian harp, whose gentle fire
" Belongs to bliss and soft desire?
" Once, when to our Paphian bower
(" Oh! 'twas a sweet, a golden hour!)
" Anacreon came, he breathed a sound
" Of such a soft enchantment round,
" That every passing zephyr staid
" To listen as the minstrel play'd!
" Just then my faithful bow was strung,
" And there the ready arrow hung—
" A moment more, and quick the dart
" Had rankled in a bleeding heart:
(" It was a votress young and fair
" Had woo'd the dart, with many a prayer,
" For her loved youth,) when, ah! there came
" Such notes of sweet enchanting flame,

" That powerless, by the wondrous spell,
" My feeble arm unconscious fell;
" My useless dart refused the wound,
" And dropp'd upon the rosy ground;
" Such was its power! and Venus too,
" To whom his votive harp was due,
" Enraptured with the magic lay,
" Then gave her sweetest dove away.*

* It may be as well to observe, that, in the course of the present Ode, I have occasionally put into the mouth of Anacreon his own language and sentiments. On the score of reason and consistency, no apology can be necessary for this adoption; as nothing can illustrate the character of the poet better than his own genuine and soul-felt effusions: the only fear is, how I may have succeeded in the attempt to modernize the spirited and elegant productions of this ancient writer.

To such as may not have the opportunity of being acquainted with the original, a more literal, than poetical, translation of those odes which are alluded to in the present poem may not be unacceptable: such I have attempted to subjoin. Perhaps my partiality to the author may plead some excuse for this; though it may be asserted, that this ought rather to have induced me to a contrary determination.

" Then gave her sweetest dove away." I trust, the simplicity

" Oh! send to those fair fields below,
" Where now the blest Anacreon lies
" In happy dreams, that sweetly glow
" Beneath his slumber-sealed eyes:

of this ode may not have entirely evaporated in the following translation:—

Ερασμια πτηνα, &c.

Tell me, tell me, gentle dove!
Whence and whither dost thou rove?
Whence that host of rich perfumes
Scattered from thy dripping plumes
Swiftly through the wide air flying,
Whence art come, and whither hieing?
" Stranger! from a bard I come,
" Rosy-crown'd Anacreon:
" Lo! beneath my wing I bear
" Letters to a gentle fair.
" Once I served the Queen of Love,
" Cytherea's favourite dove;
" She, in change for some sweet lay,
" Gave me to the bard away.
" Now am I Anacreon's slave:
" Over mountain, over wave,

" Waft him to these eternal bowers,
" To wake his harp in heaven;
" So shall ye hear, immortal powers!
" What strain to love is given!"

" Charged with his behests, I fly -
" Love's delightful ministry!
" Soon, he says, he'll set me free:
" What could I with liberty?
" Why should I be free, to roam
" From so dear, so sweet a home?
" Wherefore change my lot, to rove
" Desert mountain, lonely grove;
" Picking up, 'mid branches bare,
" Scantily a wild-wood fare?
" Proudly now I take my stand,
" Perched upon the poet's hand;
" Proudly share the feast with him,
" Sipping from his goblet's brim—
" That delicious, rosy wine
" Makes the bard himself divine!
" Thus I revel, and caress
" My master for his gentleness;
" Or, applauding as he sings,
" Clap with joy my fluttering wings!
" When I sleep, the sacred lyre—
" Wont to sound, in tones of fire,

The winged god
Perceives the nod,
Whose mandate shakes the sky;
And, swift as light,
He cleaves the night,
Like stars that shoot from high:—
In slumber bound
The bard he found,
Close to his love, on a rosy bed;
But he stole him away
To the regions of day;
And etherial robes around him spread.

"Love's own wild impassion'd numbers—
"Forms the cradle of my slumbers!
"Gentle stranger, pass thee on!
"Time my idle tale were done:
"Thou hast proved, past all debating,
"Doves are bad as crows for prating."

And now they near the starry court,
Where all the mighty gods resort:
Hark! attend the pleasing strain—
Apollo wakes his lyre again!
Thrilling sweet, and softly bland,
O'er the soul the notes expand;
There, as with a maddening fire,
His frenzied fingers sweep the lyre;
Hurrying through the concave vast,
Along the sphere the music past;
And all the wide eternal sky
Extends the general harmony!

Now rouse thee, Anacreon! the roseate hours
Their crystalline barriers unfold;
Already the bloom of celestial bowers—
Already the host of omnipotent powers
Thine eyes in their glory behold.

Ah, see! he has past o'er the threshold of Jove!
He is throned on a seat among gods!
And he seems, between Bacchus and infantine Love,
A star in their spangled abodes!

Yes! see the blest Anacreon now,
In heaven he feasts his soul!
Pierian roses grace his brow,
And nectar crowns his bowl!
Through every sense ambrosia flies,
And every thought refines;
Joy, joy inflames his happy eyes,
And through his spirit shines!
The while, from Hebe's graceful hand,
He quaffs the luscious wine,
A thousand youthful smiles expand,
And make the bard divine.

And now irradiant through his eyes
  Beams the celestial fire;
And now behold the minstrel rise
  And strike the sounding lyre!
The glowing strain began with Jove,
  From whom all blessings flow;
Whether we taste of bliss above
  Or balmy sweets below:
" Behold," said he, " this glorious plan,
  " These heavens and flowery earth!
" From him their boundless laws began,
  " And Nature owned her birth!
" Second to Jove, one law divine
  " Both light and life supplies,
" Gives earth with brighter tints to shine,
  " And beauty to the skies!

" Thine, Bacchus! thine the festive rite,

" And thou the poet's theme!

" All nature quaffs in rich delight

" With thee each living stream.

" The thirsty earth drinks up the rain,

" The trees imbibe it too;

" And all their scented blossoms drain

" The gently-dropping dew:

" Wild ocean drinks the torrent-streams,

" The sun the briny sea;

" The modest moon the sun's bright beams

" Doth quaff incessantly.*

* The short ode from which this is extracted may be thus literally translated:—

The dark earth drinks the rain,
And the trees drink of her again;

" Then join, ye gods, the rapturous song,
" To hail this law divine;
" And, Bacchus! while this harp is strung,
" Anacreon shall be thine!" .

He ceased: yet admiration still
Listen'd with mute and silent thrill
The sweetly-dying close;
Then thus to hail the rapturous song,
In high applauses, loud and long,
Celestial voices rose:

The ocean drinks the rivers up,
The sun from ocean quaffs his cup;
The moon herself, chaste queen of night,
Drinks from the sun her borrow'd light:
Then why the devil may not I
Drink, my friends, when I am dry?

" Join, Bacchus, with Anacreon join!
" For thus alone—
" For thus alone
" Should minstrels sing of wine!"

Now, graced with all celestial charms,
Bright Cytherea rose to arms;
And, oh! thy look, Anacreon! when
Leading in either hand a boy,
('Twas Cyprian Love and blooming Joy,)
She check'd thy wild inebriate strain.
Persuasive smiles and fond desire
Soften'd her eye's effulgent fire,
And sweetly spoke in every glance;

While round her beauteous waist she wore
That radiant zone e'en gods adore,
And rapt thy soul in joyous trance!

The spell dissolves, the charm is o'er;
And, Bacchus! he is thine no more:
All heaven beheld the wild delight
That, like enchantment, fix'd his sight;
And, fetter'd in a rosy chain,
His heart imbibes the pleasing pain;
While laughing out, the Paphian boy,
Exulting, claps his hands for joy!

In that blest moment, while his frame
Express'd a soft delighting flame
Pervading all his soul,

High inspiration fired his tongue,
And, sweetly wild, the minstrel sung
Of Love's divine controul;
Whose beauteous queen the glowing strain
Pourtrayed, with rapture warm,
How radiant o'er the glittering main
First rose her lovely form:*

* On Venus rising from the Sea, carved upon a Silver Quoit.

Ἆρα τίς τόρευσε πόντον;—ANACR.

Who has carved the mighty ocean?
Who, with hand divinely free,
Set the flowing waves in motion
O'er the silver-sculptur'd sea?

Who, upon the surface playing,
Traced the form of beauty's queen?
Thus with bolder art pourtraying
Gods, and their bright origin.

Naked while the artist wrought her,
Charms he dared not quite reveal,
Modestly the mounting water
Covers, yet can scarce conceal.

And how the shining, silvery tide
The power divine confest;
How thousand waves, in wanton pride,
Reposed around her breast!

Like a snow-white flow'ret peering,
O'er the calmed brine she swims;
Like a gallant boat careering,
Breaks the foam with glittering limbs.

Just above her breast's soft pillow,
Just below her rosy neck—
See, the proud ambitious billow
Rise to kiss, and rising break.

She, in the deep furrow shining,
Shows the dark blue waves between,
Like some snow-bright lily, twining
Soft 'mid violets' purple sheen.

Gaily o'er the silver ocean,
Reining each his dolphin-steed,
With wily laugh and sportive motion,
Love and young Desire proceed.

Round the finny chorus rallies,
Proud to touch her gleaming limbs,
Frolicking with playful sallies
Where the sea-born goddess swims.

While infant Love and young Desire
On sportive dolphins play,
Bask in her eye's diffusive fire,
And light the liquid way!
And then, with notes that seem'd to sigh,
He wish'd he were the stream,
Reflecting back her radiant eye
Its soft and smiling beam:
And then he wish'd he were the zone
That 'neath her bosom lay,
That every sigh might heave his own
With sighs as sweet as they.*

* And then he wished, &c.

Λίθος Φρύγιαν ἐν ὄχθαις, &c.

A marble block on Phrygia's wild
Fair Niobe transformed lies,
And old Pandion's princely child
Now fleetly skims her native skies.

" Oh, Queen of Love!" (thus breathed his lays,)
" Anacreon would be no more;
" The favour'd bard to sing thy praise,
" And only thee adore!
" Then tear away the festive wire!
" The God of Love—
" The God of Love
" Alone shall claim the lyre!"

But I would be a mirror bright,
So thy fair eyes on me would shine;
Or silken vest, so soft and light,
Around thy snowy limbs to twine.

Oh! gladly would I water be,
So thou wouldst wash thine hand therein;
Or essence sweet, to perfume thee,
And tinge to smiles thy rosy skin.

A gem to deck thy golden hair—
To fold thy waist a clasped zone—
Nay, I would be a shoe, I swear,
Only for thee to tread upon!

He ceased: the gods again prolong,
With raptures wild, the closing song:
" The God of Love—
" The God of Love
" Alone shall claim the lyre!"

Tho' thus the queen of wanton smiles,
And Cupid's soft bewitching wiles,
The captive bard detain,
Some doubted not the god of wine
Had made the minstrel more divine,
And claimed his sweeter strain.
The heavenly synod yet confest
To both his harp was due;
And rival rage was soothed to rest
With nectar's sparkling dew.

Yet, ere he left those realms above,
Entranced with sleep divine,
Around his rosy wreath they wove
The myrtle and the vine!

HEAVENLY BARD OF TEIAN SONG.

HEAVENLY bard of Teian song,
To whom immortal lays belong;
Whose poetic flights of soul
Sparkled o'er the nectar'd bowl,
Glow'd with fiery wit divine,
Bright as drops of ruddy wine;
When enamoured with the praise
Warbled in thy votive lays,
Love and Beauty gazed the while,
With rosy blush and witching smile.

Heavenly bard! from yonder sphere
Of radiant suns, incline thine ear,
Where thou sitst enthron'd for ever,
Crown'd with myrtles fading never,
While the rose's orient bloom
Spreads around a rich perfume:
Oh, mighty spirit! by that lyre,
Once attun'd with breath of fire;
By that muse, whose glowing measure
Sweetly wakes the soul to pleasure;
By every god, to whom belong
Thy praises of immortal song;
And by that bowl, Anacreon! where
Pale sorrow never dropp'd the tear,
But pleasure shed, with lapse divine,
From youth to age, the tears of wine;—
By these that bless a peaceful life,
Far from the warring sons of strife,

I lift this foaming goblet high,
To charm thee from yon starry sky.
Oh! trace again the paths of air,
And listen to my votive prayer;
Dispel yon cloudy shadows dim,
And hover o'er my goblet's brim;
For ah, alas! no hallow'd spell,
No charms upon its margin dwell;
But hover o'er, and there diffuse
Thy magic breath's inspiring dews;
Oh! touch it with a lip divine,
Then be the hallow'd goblet mine!
Then from its fount of sacred fire
I'll quaff the spirit of the lyre;
Drink with wild joy the ruddy wave,
And with poetic visions rave!
But ah! away with epic praise!
I ask no honoured wreath of bays;

Around my brow no laurels twine,
Apollo is no god of mine:
No—Love, and only Love, shall be
Propitious to my minstrelsy!

Sweet Love! the god whose heavenly fire
Imparts to man a god's desire;
And he shall twine the myrtle bough
In living garlands for my brow;
And he shall teach some blushing maid
To form for me the rosy braid;
The rosy braid of freshest flowers,
Cull'd in morning's dewy bowers!

OH! SINCE THAT LOVELY FORM IS THINE.

I.

Oh! since that lovely form is thine,
Which Heaven hath made so pure, so bright;
Those curls of jet that softly twine
Luxuriant o'er those eyes of light:
Since Love does there so sweetly trace
Those tender smiles that seem his own;
Enraptur'd with each perfect grace,
I'll love thee for thyself alone!

II.

But, Mary, if that beauteous frame,
So dearly drest in smiles for me,
Is but a thing that bears a name,
And is indeed no part of thee—
If mind alone we essence deem,
And nothing but thy soul's thine own,
So pure, so bright, thou still dost seem,
I'll love thee for thyself alone!

III.

And when, alas! that bloom is past,
And age hath dimm'd thy radiant eye;
When misery's stings intrude at last,
And all thy breath is sorrow's sigh;
When hope is gone, and friends betray,
And all but love thy cause disown;
Ah! then with latest breath thou'lt say,
"He loved me for myself alone!"

FAREWELL TO THE LOVE, &c.

I.

FAREWELL to the love that was aching for you,
When the fame and the joy of my life were your own;
When your praise was the glory I long'd to pursue,
And your smile the sweet rapture I early had known.
Adieu to my hopes—and adieu to content—
To the light smile of peace that play'd smooth on my brow:
With the sweets of the past e'en a pang must be blent,
And the visions of happiness fleet from me now.

II.

Your love was the gem that was shrin'd in my heart,
The sunbeam of life that was shining for me;
But alas! I have found you apparell'd in art—
A bark gaily trimm'd, on a treacherous sea!
What avails it to me, that the beautiful spell
Of truth and of virtue had gifted your eye;
That your spirit had tutor'd its magic so well,
Like Ariel's music, to ravish and die?

III.

Ah! why was it thus—when the heart that ador'd
Had found you the fairest, and thought you as true?
Ah! why was it thus—when its fervour implor'd
The heavens to shower down all their blessings on you?
And their gifts are your own: in your eye is the beam,
The sapphire beam, that their splendours adorn;
On your cheek is the blush that in beauty doth seem
To paint with its roseate colours the morn.

IV.

'Tis in vain o'er the wreck that the sunbeam may smile—
The desolate wreck of the wave and the blast!
And fortune has little to soothe or beguile
The heart that is wither'd, the hope that is past:
Tho' broken my spirit, tho' labour'd my sigh,
Tho' the bird of my peace has forsaken its nest,
I'll stay the sad tear that suffuses mine eye—
I'll scorn e'en the pang that is rending my breast.

STANZAS.

I.

Is there not within the mind
An eye that sees, but cannot find?
For ah! a maid, divinely fair,
I oft have seen, but only there:
Now all doth seem
A happy dream,
But false as sand, and light as air.

II.

And yet there is within my heart
A hope that will not so depart;
That in the world I still may view
A maid like her my fancy drew;
Whose form divine
Shall yet be mine,
With cheek of rose, and eye of blue.

LIKE EARLY DAWN, &c.

I.

LIKE early dawn, when smiling hours
Lead on the rosy-mantled day;
When zephyrs fan the dewy bowers,
And waves in tranquil eddies play:

II.

Thus fair life's early morn did seem,
And hope illum'd its radiant sky;
Joy sparkling shone in pleasure's stream,
And smiles of love in beauty's eye.

III.

But ah! those smiles have faded quite,
And joy no more my bosom finds;
My bark, that sail'd in pleasure's sight,
Is now the sport of ruthless winds!

IV.

Thus, ere on beams in early day
The balmy dews of morning rose,
Dark clouds obscured its golden ray,
And nature mourn'd her lost repose!

AS BRIGHT AS THE BRIGHTEST, &c.

I.

As bright as the brightest, and fair as the fairest!
Thine eye as the heavens, thy cheeks as the rose;
With a smile on thine aspect, the sweetest, the rarest,
That rapture can boast, or that beauty bestows!

II.

A light of expression, a feature of splendour—
The soul-touching language that feeling supplies—
Like a musical echo, enchantingly tender,
Gives speech to thy glances, and voice to thine eyes!

III.

A bosom unsullied, a faith never broken,
In the promise of hope, and the day-spring of youth,
Awake on thy features the beautiful token
Of innocent purity, virginal truth.

IV.

And whether in pleasure or night-glooms of sorrow—
Oh! such are the charms that allure me to thee!
With thy tears to be weeping—or sweetly to borrow
A smile in thy gladness—is rapture for me.

I STOOD ON THE BANKS, &c.

I.

I STOOD on the banks of a bright flowing stream,
While the sunbeams of heaven were shining
O'er a white-bosom'd lily, whose lustre did seem
With the spray of the billow combining.

II.

Ah! passing again the sweet flow'ret at eve,
Fair and bright it no longer was glowing;
But rudely the dark wave around it did heave,
While the storm of destruction was blowing.

III.

Then methought, as in sadness I gaz'd on the flower,
Such are all the sweet joys that we cherish!
Even pleasure, when best, is the boast of an hour,
And, alas! must as fleetingly perish!

IV.

My heart was once gay, like this flow'r of the lake,
When its smiles with the morning were blending;
But hope is now changed to the tempests which break,
And o'er love and repose are descending!

LINES,

SENT WITH A CHAIN OF MOCK PEARLS.

Accept, my Sally, lovely girl!
This little chain of mimic pearl;
And what tho' it but mockery be
Of costlier gems more worthy thee!
And though beneath the boundless seas
Lie brighter, purer, gems than these!
Yet ah! the venal mermaids hold
Their treasures for the sons of gold;
And I, dear girl! am one whom heaven
Has far from wealth and fortune driven;—

Or lavish would I fondly deck
With real pearls thy polish'd neck;
Would grace with gems of fairest ray,
Thee fairer many times than they—
Accept them then, tho' false their show,
The friend who sends them is not so—
Fiction he leaves to pearls and dreams—
He is not false to what he seems:
No! while he boasts his heart can feel
Such real hopes for Sally's weal;
And while his bosom heaves the sigh
Of friendship's fondest, truest tie;
Nay! while he swears that love has twin'd
His lure around his willing mind;
The fire of truth his lips impart,
And breathe the language of his heart;—
No fiction in the chain can be,
That binds, dear girl! his heart to thee!

NOW LOVE CALMLY PILOTS, &c.

I.

Now Love calmly pilots thy wanderer to thee,
While hush'd is the rage of the turbulent main;
Serenity's sky sparkles over the sea,
And smiles it to peace and to slumber again.

II.

That storm's rude emotion, dear Mary! was thine,
For despair to that eye all its wretchedness gave;
And thy bosom did heave as it parted from mine,
When thy lover first brav'd the tempestuous wave.

III.

But now he returns, and the ocean no more
Shall wake in that bosom a sorrow for me;
So thine eye, dearest Mary! will smile as before,
While Love calmly pilots thy wanderer to thee!

I LOVE THEE, &c.

I.

I LOVE thee!—ah! wilt thou believe
A heart with a fervour like mine?
It may err—but it cannot deceive;
Be proud—but it is to be thine.
It loves thee—ah, me! could I tell
How truly, how fondly, how well!

II.

Did the rose, the blushing red rose,
In beauty ere yield to the glow
That the glossing of art could compose,
Or tinseling fancy bestow?
Thus feeble the song that would tell
How fondly I love, and how well!

III.

'Twere vain for the pencil to try
(A sunbeam might fail) to express
The bright and the dark of thine eye,
Or the wave of each wandering tress:
Yet vainer the effort to prove
How fondly—how truly I love!

OH! THINK, MY DEAR MARY, &c.

I.

Oh! think, my dear Mary, as through the gay bowers,
With eyes all delighted, you wander alone,
And gaze on the roses and many sweet flowers,
How hard it would be, if you might not have one!

II.

'Tis thus, lovely girl! while sitting beside you,
Those eyes so bewitching, those blushes so bright!
More bright than the flowers which the garden supplied you—
Ah, me! that I sigh for one kiss of delight!

III.

The smiles which those lips are so sweetly array'd in,
Oh! could they refuse me the boon I implore?
Nay, will they not pardon the thief, dearest maiden!
Who pilfers but one from so precious a store?

SOFTLY BLOW, YE BALMY BREEZES.

I.

Softly blow, ye balmy breezes!
Sweetly wake th' Æolian string;
Melt the grief that round me freezes;
Thaw this winter—summer bring.

II.

Look! how sweet the rosy blossom
Clothes again the verdant bough:
Mine's alone an icy bosom—
I alone am winter now!

III.

Where are summer skies bestowing
All their bright, their golden store?
Must the meads alone be glowing?
Must the bosom glow no more?

IV.

Where the moss-embroider'd fountain
Glides along the sunny plain;
In the vale, and on the mountain,
I have sought for peace in vain.

V.

Love and music! these can only
Healing solace here bestow:
Love—companion to the lonely;
Music—balm to human woe!

VI.

Yes, Ianthe! you can banish
Care and sorrow's sable wing:
When you smile, the phantoms vanish;
All is brighten'd while you sing.

VII.

Hark! what heavenly music soundeth
Thus melodious on the ear!
Now with joy my bosom boundeth—
'Tis Ianthe's voice I hear!

VIII.

Now the blooms of hope delighting,
Open to my dazzled view;
Summer's beauties, all uniting,
Charm my breast, and warm it too.

IX.

See, how sweet the smile of Nature!
See her flow'rets deck the way!
Let us smooth each gloomy feature;
Let us, while we live, be gay!

X.

See the gorgeous sun possessing
Every valley, every sky!
Come! and hail the genial blessing;
Come, be happy, ere we die!

LINES,

PARAPHRASED FROM COWLEY.

I.

Why art thou clothed in Tyrian dies?
  Thy blush out-shames the gaudy vest;
And vain that snowy robe denies
  The lustre of thy purer breast:
Thus do the envious clouds of even
Disguise the brighter tints of heaven.

II.

Why grace with golden chains thy neck?
Thy braided hair is far more bright:
And why with gems thy forehead deck?
Thine eyes outshine their beamy light:
E'en so the stars, with feeble ray,
Fade in the smiles of brightening day.

III.

Ah! vain these glittering arts must prove
One smile with double power to arm:
I would not have my chosen love
Receive from gaudy show one charm:
Oh! thou art clothed in best array,
Whose beauty only makes thee gay!

I NEVER YET COULD SEE THAT FACE.

FROM COWLEY.

I.

I never yet could see that face
Which had no happy dart for me;
From fifteen years to fifty's space,
They all must still victorious be!

II.

In colour, shape, in limbs, or face,
Some touching beauties I can find;
In motion or in speech a grace—
Enough if but of woman-kind!

III.

If tall, she like the poplar grows;
She's like, if fair, the pleasant light;
If low, 'tis so the rose-tree grows;
If black, she's like the starry night:

IV.

If fat, why plenty fills my heart;
If thin, why still she's lovelier so;
If straight, she looks like Cupid's dart;
And if she's crooked, like his bow.

V.

Thus, like the wise, industrious bee,
Thro' every garden, every field,
With fond, unwearied wings I flee—
And all is honey that they yield.

WAR-SONG OF THE GREEKS.

I.

GREECE has started from slumber! the hand of the brave
Has forgotten its palsy, and grasp'd the red glaive;
That glaive that amain on the Mede fell of yore,
And drench'd thy wide furrows, Platæa! with gore.

II.

That glaive of renown has long slept in the dust
Of the heroes gone by, all-enduring of rust;
But soon shall its dark blade beam dreadful on high,
And flash vengeance—just vengeance—on Turkey's
proud eye!

III.

By the spirits of those, who for freedom and right
Once pour'd the warm torrent of blood in the fight;
By the souls that rose high in the breast of the brave,
Who emblazon'd with crimson the Psyttaline wave.

IV.

By the fires that now glow in each patriot's frame,
And bid him be Grecian in deed, as in name;
By the wrongs of each fair dragg'd away by the foe;
By the faith of the cross, and her priesthood laid low;

V.

By all that erst prompted, beneath this fair sky,
Iskander and Riga to do or to die;
Thy sons, lovely Hellas! I swear, shall again
Be victors, not vassals—not reptiles, but men!

VI.

Ay! men, such as those who the orators heard,
That fulmin'd o'er Greece, and rous'd war at a word!
When the sound, "Men of Athens!" at meeting the ear,
Rais'd a spirit that would not—that could not know fear.

VII.

Though the Autocrat slumber, while multitudes bleed,
And Cæsar deem wretched the lot of the freed;
Though Britain (oh! shame to the land of the brave)
Would curb the proud feeling that swells in the slave—

VIII.

On! fellows in arms! and the power, whose decree,
With the charter of life, gave the right to live free,
Shall bare his red arm to assert your release;
On! and this be your war-cry, "For God and for Greece!"

YPSELANTI TO THE ARMY OF THE GREEKS.

I.

YES! on such a morn as this is,
Mild Aurora slowly peering,
Rosy from Tithonus' kisses,
And the light breeze westward veering.

II.

Clear and loud the hymn whose thunder
Told how fierce the storm impending,
Rose from Greeks, and struck with wonder
Persians to the battle wending.

III.

When by Salamis' green billow,
Echo, in her mountain dwelling,
Heard—and started from her pillow,
High the notes of terror swelling.

IV.

Oh! that such a night as then did,
Now might follow such a morning;
Tyrants' slaves, and tyrants blended,
In defeat the plain adorning!

V.

Is there here, who, heartless craven!
Dreads the note of preparation?
Let him fly, if flight a haven
Opes to him, who quits his station.

VI.

Hard, I ween, in flight, to mate them,
Turks of old in fight excelling:
Is it safer then to wait them,
Each unarmed in his dwelling?

VII.

Strong Byzance's glaive of terror
In the fight, to those who wrong her:
Comrades! were ye then in error,
When ye deem'd her bow-string stronger?

VIII.

Dank with gore the couch of glory,
Where the fallen chief reposes:—
Are not Stamboul's dungeons gory?
Is the rack a bed of roses?

IX.

Lo! they move, and in their vanguard,
Onward still, and onward pressing,
Jannisaries 'neath the standard,
Sacred by their Prophet's blessing.

X.

Turn not! shrink not! and at meeting
Let barbarians, dead and dying,
Rue your serried bay'nets' greeting,
Sparta's puissant pike outvying!

XI.

Ask ye, who shall go before ye?
On *your* banners pour his blessing;
In the radiant light of glory
Every eye and feature dressing?

XII.

He who, in his just displeasure,
  Like a giant roused from slumbers,
Dealing measure back for measure,
  Scattered wide Assyria's numbers:—

XIII.

Scattered as the hawk the sparrows,
  Or the mountain-lion cattle,—
Break the bow of steel, and arrows,
  Break the sword and shield and battle.

SEE HOW YON LITTLE BRILLIANT RAY.

I.

See! how yon little brilliant ray
Beams softly thro' that parting cloud,
And sweetly smiles the glooms away
That o'er the distant prospect crowd;
Reviving nature's drooping mien,
Where late the ruthless storm was driven;
The sunshine of that little beam
Appears the tranquil smile of heaven.

II.

Ah! thus, alas! does luckless fate
With clouds each passing day deform;
And fortune's frown, and beauty's hate,
To me are as the ruthless storm:
Yet from thine eye's divinest ray,
Ah! should one cheering glance be given,
How might I hope—how truly say,
Oh, this is sure the smile of heaven!

SONG.

OH! WILT THOU THINK OF ME, LOVE?

AIR—*Benedetta sia la madre.*

I.

OH! wilt thou think of me, love,
When I am far away,
O'er mountain-billow'd sea, love,
On the snowy-surged spray?
Tho' my home and thee I'm leaving,
In another land to rove,
Will thy tender heart be grieving—
Wilt thou think of me, my love?

II.

Wilt thou think of me at morn, love,
In the breezy perfumed hour,
When the dew is on the thorn, love,
And the blossom on the flower?
In the burning of the noon, love,
In the setting of the day,
In the shining of the moon, love,
Wilt thou think of him away?

III.

When thou lookest on the storm, love,
From the lattice in thy bower,
Wilt thou think of him whose form, love,
May be shrinking from its power?
And ere thou lay'st at even
To repose upon thy pillow,
Wilt thou breathe a prayer to Heaven
For thy lover on the billow?

IV.

And when I am far away, love,
On my pilgrimage of pain,
Wilt thou think of me, and say, love,
"Oh! he'll surely come again?"
While there's water in the seas, love,
While there's vigour in the foam,
While there's spirit in the breeze, love,
There is hope—and he will come!

TO IANTHE.

I.

I saw a rose-tree blooming fair,
Beneath a summer's matin sky,
And sweetly every passing air
Was scented with its fragrant sigh:

II.

At noon, I saw the tender bloom
Was drooping in the sultry ray;
More faintly breathed its sweet perfume
In pallid languidness away.

III.

But soon, ah! soon, the twilight hour,
That softly shed its balmy dews,
Revived again the lovely flower,
And brighten'd all its rosy hues!

IV.

And thus, Ianthe, thus methought,
When life was young, and I was free,
How sweet each passing hour was fraught
With pleasure's brightest smiles for me.

V.

But when within thy radiant eyes
I saw those sunny looks of light,
Fair as the tint of summer skies,
Chaste as the virgin beams of night.

VI.

Ah! then my cheek, to grief a prey,
Received the pallid marks of care;
I droop'd in thought the live-long day,
And lost my soul in deep despair:

VII.

Then, charged with hope's returning smile,
Thou, like an angel of the sphere,
(While life was vain, and breath a toil,)
Dropt on my woes a pitying tear.

STANZAS.

I.

SWEET love! 'tis thou on every spray
Hast taught the mated choir to sing;
For thee they hymn the rising day,
And glad the tuneful ear of spring.

II.

Ah! wouldst thou let my passion prove
A kindred hope, a mutual tear,
I too would be thy bird, sweet love!
And sing thy praises all the year.

HOW DIM IS THAT EYE, &c.

I.

How dim is that eye while in sorrow it weeps,
Which in joy never brightens, in grief never sleeps;
How deep is the sigh, and how sad is the breast,
Unsolaced by time, and by pity unblest!

II.

Did love ever wake in your bosom a spell,
On which rapture would doat and affection would dwell?
Oh! have ye ne'er wept when the fond dream was flown,
And sigh'd for a heart that was false to your own?

III.

Affections thus blighted, and withered away,
Still hang round the heart, tho' in wretched decay,
And spread, e'en in ruin, a charm o'er its gloom,
Like a dead rosy chaplet that hangs on a tomb!

LIKE THE BIRD, &c.

I.

LIKE the bird of eastern skies,
Whose restless pinion ever flies;
Thus my heart was fain to prove,
An endless task of ceaseless love!

II.

Oh, thou! who wast my joy—my pride—
The first and latest at my side;
The beam that shone divinely clear,
When heaven grew dark, and all was drear:

III.

Thou sweetest, best content! when fate
Had arm'd the lying world with hate;
When caught in slander's reckless net—
Oh, thou! who thought me guiltless yet!

IV.

Alas! how soon a little strife
Thus wrecks me on the waves of life;
Since thou hast join'd the dread decree,
To blast the fame but loved for thee!

V.

For dearer than the star art thou,
That guides the weary sailor's prow:
Let summer smile, or winter chafe,
When thou art kind my bark is safe!

VI.

Tho', chill and cold, an icy zone
Of polar frost is round me thrown;
If thou art kind, my melting soul
Then owns a summer's sweet controul!

VII.

The thrilling touch, the coy advance,
The tender look, the treasured glance—
The bonds of peace, which only thou
Couldst bind around my aching brow—

VIII.

The love thy lips essay'd to speak—
What tho' their utterance was weak;
Thine eye had double power to tell—
Thy sigh to breathe its fervour well!

IX.

'Twas nature's kindest, truest test,
Of all that breath'd affection best—
Love's proper plaint, that kindred tone
Responsive to the heart alone!

X.

'Twas these in sweet enchantment twined
A lasting bondage round my mind—
These plighted once thy promised vow—
Ah! canst thou, love! forget it now?

DEAR MARY, &c

I.

Dear Mary! say, what pleasing joy
Now charms for thee the passing hours?
Say, is it pleasure's best employ
To strew their course with wreathed flowers?
Do love and fancy, gleaming bright,
The present gild, the future paint,
With something of a heavenly light—
Without a cloud—without a taint?

II.

Or say, does care, with heaving sigh,
Pervade with pain thy gentle breast?
In that most fair and beauteous eye
Does now the sullying tear-drop rest?
Yet, what hast thou to do with care?
It cannot be that thou shouldst grieve!
Or if—ah, me! that I was near!
Then pity should thy woe relieve.

III.

But banish grief, and banish care,
And chase these phantom dreams away;
Where thou shalt go, be pleasure there,
And happiness where thou shalt stray:
May every thought be free and light,
As are the dove's expanded wings;
Beam in thine eyes the sparkles bright,
That gentle peace so rarely brings!

IV.

As thus thy moments brightly go,
  Methinks how happy I could be,
If, unforgetting, thou wouldst show
  One smile for him who lives for thee;
While I—this little verse can tell—
  Remembering thee, can ne'er repine;
Since hope and love so sweetly dwell
  Within a heart thus wholly thine.

MARY, THY FRIEND, &c.

Male est, Cornifici, tuo Catullo,
Male est, mehercule, et laboriose
Magisque, et magis indies, et horas.*

CATULLUS.

MARY! thy friend, thy wretched friend,
Is sick with griefs that never end;

* Sick, sick at heart thy poor Catullus lies,
With woes that frequent on his fancy rise,
And press upon him with increasing power,
Still worse from day to day, from hour to hour;
And thou (tho' 'twere the least and easiest thing)
Wilt no kind talk, no soothing converse bring:
That frets me worse than all. Am I to prove
This cold, this harsh neglect, for so much love?
Prythee a little talk—'twould give me ease—
Sad as the tears of poor Simonides.

And, worse and worse, from day to day,
With sorrowing thought he pines away:
For aching heart, and throbbing brain,
Ah, me! he seeks relief in vain.
Oh! something dark and wretched lies
Within his breast, and peace denies;
A restless want, a wayward mind,
With thorns of discontentment twined;
And all those scenes that gaily shone,
And hope so loved to smile upon,
Have pass'd away, and reckless fate
Thus leaves him lone and desolate.
But dost not thou some witchery know
To rid him of this aching woe?
Some soothing hope, some healing balm,
The tumult of his soul to calm?
Like wondrous Norna, couldst thou tell,
By incantation's magic spell,

Of soaring fume, or Runic lay,
To chase his spirit's grief away;
To dissipate the drear and dark
Thro' which he steers his wretched bark;
And thus exhale, with sun-like beam,
The misty fogs of life's dull stream;
Sweet Mary! then my heart should own,
Amidst the clouds that round it roll,
Thou wert the one kind thing alone
Could brighten hope, and soothe my soul;
The galling chain of care destroy,
And beautify the world with joy.—
Oh! thou, with raptured eye, hast seen
How Nourmahal, the haram's queen,
Gather'd enchanted flowers, and twined
A mystic bondage round the mind
Of her loved sultan, rack'd with pain,
And won him back to bliss again.

And this was love! for there's a tie,
A potent spell in woman's eye;
And sympathies of soul belong
To beauty's soft beguiling song:
This, this the wily sybil knew,
And hence a potent magic drew,
For Nourmahal, of wondrous power,
To melt the heart and rule the hour.
Ah, me! could love and beauty's smile
Assuage my heart, its care beguile!
Then might an equal spell be caught
From thy dark eyes, with witchery fraught:
Thy smile, thy rosy smile, has skill
To conjure happiness at will!
Yes, Mary! yes, if aught most bright
With bloom of earth, or tint of heaven,
Could make my spirit gay and light,
To sweet and changeless pleasure given;

Then if, oh! if this heart could merit
Its lost repose to seek of thee,
Sweet peace were mine, and thou the spirit
To shed its choicest gifts for me!

I SEND THEE, DEAR FANNY, &c.

I.

I SEND thee, dear Fanny, this beautiful rose,
Its thorns are all pluck'd from the stem:
Unruffled and calm be thy bosom's repose—
I would not it suffer'd from them:—
I cull'd it at morn, while the dew-drops of night
On its blushes like diamonds lay;
But weeping they fell, so like tears in my sight,
I shook all the moisture away.

II.

Come! if thou'lt be mine, then our life and our love
Shall resemble this innocent bloom;
Thy home shall be dear as the nest of the dove,
And thou be the dove of that home!
Though joy is a bud that's surrounded with woe,
And sorrow has sullied it here;
Thy bosom I'll shield from the thorns as they grow,
And chase from thine eyelids the tear!

TO MISS ——.

I.

THE heavenly muse, who, night and day,
Writes on her page each thought of thine;
Whose hallow'd lyre attunes the lay
At valour's call, at virtue's shrine—

II.

Has challenged to the field of song
A youth whose harp no music knows;
To whom no honoured wreaths belong,
Save cypress, for a song of woes.

III.

At first he look'd with sparkling eye,
And bore his harp with boastful air,
That thus its humble verse should try
With one so famed, and one so fair.

IV.

That thou with me shouldst tune the lyre,
In grace reclining o'er its frame;
And wake, with magic touch, its fire—
Ah! this, indeed, I thought was fame!

V.

I, votive, prayed some heavenly muse,
Who prompts the songs of other men,
Would wake to fancy's golden lines,
And dreams divine, a bard again.

VI.

Ah, me! how could my careless hand
E'er think to match a strain divine,
Whose skill could charm the breezes bland,
To waft the notes they knew were thine?

VII.

For viewless spirits round thee fly,
And wake thy fancy's wildest dream;
They watch thy soul's impassion'd sigh,
And melt in music every theme.

VIII.

I know not if thy skill has bound
Around my harp some magic chain,
Whose spell forbids its wonted sound,
Save one devoted song to pain.

IX.

But well I know the witching smile
That lures the simple mind astray;
And thou hast learnt the lovely wile
Shall many a wiser heart betray.

X.

Yet, go—I will not murmur still,
Tho' be thy lyre and form combin'd:
Thy lyre to mock my humble skill—
Thy form to steal my peace of mind.

XI.

For, ah! it will be sweet to say,
When life has lost its early gem,
Thy breathings woke the sweetest lay,
And mine, delighted, mixed with them.

NOT FOR ME, NOT FOR ME, &c.

I.

Not for me, not for me shall the tear
Of heart-breaking sorrow be thine;
Not for me shall thy cheek flush with fear,
Or the peace of thy bosom decline:
I would not thy smile should forego
One tint of its sensitive rose;
Nor lose, by the fingers of woe,
One glance of contented repose!

II.

For I've seen how soon and how brief
The blooms of the garden have died;
And I know how the beautiful leaf
Will fail in its roseate pride;
And I know the unchangeable doom,
How loveliness fleeteth away:
'Tis hence that the bard doth presume
Thy beauty is doom'd to decay.

III.

Yet, ah! not for me shall it fail,
Or the smile of thy happiness cease:
But a calm o'er thy bosom prevail,
That whispers the tidings of peace:
And long may that eye of delight,
And the sapphirine tint that is there,
Be untouch'd by a sorrowing blight,
Unprofaned by a sullying tear.

ARTHUR, DUKE OF BRETAYNE.

I.

ANOTHER sun by yonder hill
Is sinking down the sky,
And here I pine, a captive still,
In dungeon dark and high.
My keeper's gone—and I'm alone—
And 'tis my hour of sleep—
But I have wide my casement thrown,
To look abroad, and weep.

II.

Why do I weep? Instead of rest,
When peaceful eve appears,
Sad thoughts come o'er my troubled breast,
And wet my cheeks with tears.
Why do I weep? In other lands
A princess weeps for me,
And breathes the prayer with clasped hands,
And lowly-bended knee.

III.

Alas! alas! my mother dear,
They say that thou wert wild
When first thou heardst the English spear
Had borne away thy child.
Betwixt us now the rolling main
Is placed—and much I fear,
Thou art more sad in fair Bretayne,
Than I in thraldom here.

IV.

I would that I could fly to thee,
Beyond that dark blue main,
To set thy gentle bosom free
From anguish and from pain.
Oh! were I once at liberty,
And back in fair Bretayne,
How merry then my heart would be!
I should not weep again.

V.

I would I were a warrior strong,
And up to manhood grown,
That I might 'venge my father's wrong,
My mother's, and my own.
Tho' friends are mine, both true in word,
And bold with heart and hand,
'Twere better, with mine own bright sword,
To win mine own fair land.

VI.

But I, in this vile dungeon pent,
For long, long years must lie;
And captive must my life be spent,
And captive must I die:—
This is the thought that bids me weep,
When silent eve appears,
That makes me think, when I should sleep,
And wets my cheek with tears.

SONG.

I.

MAKE haste, make haste, my coal-black steed,
O'er hill and o'er valley, away!
Thy feet shall not rest till the maid I love best
Shall smile on her lover to-day.

II.

Away, away, my coal-black steed!
Be swift as the dancing wind;
My heart is more fleet than thy galloping feet,
And leaves thee, thou laggard! behind.

III.

My love, in her smile-lighted bower,
Now chides the dull moments away;
And our way must be won ere the broad setting sun
Shall close up the portals of day.

IV.

Away, away, my coal-black steed!
The hour is approaching fast;
The wind murmurs loud, and dark is the cloud
That comes on the moaning blast.

V.

Then haste, then haste, my coal-black steed!
Thy speed with a smile she'll confess;
Thy beauty commend, while thy proud neck shall bend
To meet a bright lady's caress.

PARAPHRASE OF ALCIPHRON. III. 12.

PRATINAS TO EPIGONUS.

I.

In the fervour of midsummer noon
I chose out a breeze-loving pine,
Exposed to the breath of the west,
And made the green canopy mine.

II.

As stretch'd at my ease 'neath the shade,
I escaped the meridian ray,
I resolved to keep off dull thoughts,
With a tune to enliven the day:

III.

Then taking my pastoral reed,
I ran o'er the stops, loud and clear,
And the breath, gently passing my lips,
Gave a melody lovely to hear.

IV.

Upon this, as if fill'd with amaze
And delight at the ravishing sound,
The kids—yes, the kids, I declare—
From mountain and thicket flock'd round.

V.

And forgetting the scarlet abute,
Nor heeding the asphodel flower,
Stood entranced (strange amateurs sure!)
By harmony's magical power.

VI.

Whilst I, 'mid the musical flocks,
Well pleased at such hearers as these,
Sat in semblance Calliope's son,
That enchanter of tigers and trees.

VII.

The assembly dissolved, I rise,
And dispatch these strange tidings in haste,
That the shepherd of Acte may know
His friend has a flock of such taste.

MARY! AGAIN DOES TWILIGHT SPREAD.

I.

MARY! again does twilight spread
Serenely thro' the silent hour:
Hush'd is each ruder sound, sweet maid!
Come, seek the bower—come, seek the bower.

II.

How dear the spot! how sweet the gloom!
The moon-beam sleeps on roses here;
Night mellows o'er their ruddy bloom,
Nor drops a tear—nor drops a tear.

III.

'Tis now the hour, the balmy hour,
When music sweetest steals along;
And the heart melts beneath the power
Of plaintive song—of plaintive song.

IV.

Yet fondly gazing on thine eyes,
Sweet music's breath no more beguiles;
All sense in that of seeing dies,
When Mary smiles—when Mary smiles.

V.

But when the breast I thus adore
Awakes its softest sigh for me,
Joyed in the charms of sight no more,
I list to thee—I list to thee.

VI.

For this then should to-morrow's moon
As sweetly bless the twilight hour,
Its star shall guide thy lover soon
To seek the bower—to seek the bower.

WHAT IS FANCY? CAN IT FLY, &c.

I.

WHAT is fancy? can it fly
O'er the earth, and thro' the sky?
Is it winged? and can it go
Where the mighty billows flow?

II.

When the drowsy ear and eye
Shut in peaceful slumber lie—
Tell me whether fancy then
Lurks within a silent den?

III.

Has it there a secret cell,
Where in peace it loves to dwell?
Does it couch to quiet rest,
Like a bird within its nest?

IV.

No!—the prison-doors of sleep
Never yet could fancy keep:
No!—it is a spirit bright,
Swifter than the beams of light.

V.

Yet I know a simple lure,
Chains that fancy will endure;
Somewhere too there is a home
Whither fancy loves to roam.

VI.

Over hills and over dells,
Know ye where my Fanny dwells?
Somewhere! but away, away!
Fancy's gone, and will not stay!

WELL, BE IT SO! WE PART FOR EVER.

I.

WELL, be it so! we part for ever,
With all the ties affection wove;
And now the bud shall blossom never,
That was to blush our rose of love.

II.

Yes—fare thee well for ever now!
From long, long cherished hopes I roam;
And cease to claim each promised vow,
That sweeten'd all the joys of home.

III.

Forget thee? yes, I'll break the tie,
And learn to weep in widow'd tears;
And every smiling bloom shall die
That rooted with our infant years!

IV.

Yet, was it well?—but let it pass,
And I'll upbraid that heart no more;
And thus I dash reflection's glass
Which memory fondly pictures o'er!

V.

And I'll not call thy faith unkind—
And I'll not say thou lov'st deceit—
No, no! I'll praise the fickle wind,
And learn to call the winter sweet.

VI.

Unkind! oh, no! for thou wert all
A lover's gentle heart can be;
I'll fate the cruel tyrant call—
'Twas Heaven reserved this pang for me!

VII.

But I have loved with tender truth,
Though transient smiled its kindred beam;
A midnight vision seems my youth,
And day-light mocks the fairy dream.

VIII.

Oh! many a time "Farewell!" I've said;
But like "Good night" 'twas whisper'd then;
The little space was quickly fled,
And I was in thine arms again.

IX.

But who can tell the lengthen'd scene
That now our fated hearts must sever;
An endless age will pass between,
And this farewell must last for ever!

X.

Then go—and if perchance my name,
In some lone hour, should meet thine eye,
Forgive the youth, who, still the same,
For thee would live, for thee would die!

POOR MARY! THE ENCHANTING BEAM.

I.

Poor Mary! the enchanting beam
Of happiness that play'd
Around her dawn of life, did seem
Too smiling not to fade!
Smooth and unruffled yet had flown
Her girlish years: another moon,
And Mary had been made
A beautiful and blushing bride,
When he who loved and won her, died.

II.

She did not weep; she did not go
A mourner to the tomb;
But pining thought and hidden woe
Fed slowly on her bloom.
Her eye is shrunk, her cheek grown pale—
And there you well may read the tale
Of near-approaching doom;
For tho' she linger in decay
Awhile, yet long she cannot stay.

III.

She knows it; and she does not fear
To think she soon must die;
No sigh intrudes, nor busy tear,
On her serenity.
Too deep for comfort—far too deep
For sigh to soothe, or tear to weep,
Her bosom-grief doth lie;
It is a wound that may not heal,
While pulse can throb, or bosom feel.

IV.

Poor Mary! she will soon be gone—
So tender and so fair;
She was not made to linger on,
And struggle with despair.
Reft of the dearest hope of bliss
She cherished, in a world like this,
So desolate and bare,
Methinks she could but little see
To make her part unwillingly.

SONG.

I.

Wake the harp! wake the harp, in a tone that confesses
The sorrowing plaint of the soul's deepest sigh;
Let it breathe for Ianthe, whose dark waving tresses
But mellow the light of her love-beaming eye!
She is far from me now, and in mirth and in pleasure,
Her bosom beats lightly at gaiety's shrine;
Yet the truth of her heart like a gem will I treasure,
For the secret thought of her soul is mine.

II.

Tho' in riches and splendour Ianthe reposes,
Unsated by these are the hopes of her heart;
And her bower, tho' woven with the brightest of roses,
If unhallow'd by love, could no pleasure impart;
I have flown to her arms, when the twilight was stealing
The tenderer tints in her eye-beams that shine!
And by moonlight have gazed, when her glance, full of feeling,
Show'd the secret thought of her soul was mine.

III.

But, alas! she is gone, she is gone from the bower,
And has widow'd the arms that no rival shall claim;
She is chain'd in the trammels of duty and power,
Yet the heart that she gave me is truly the same;
For her fetterless mind, like the sunbeams of heaven,
Will never her home of contentment resign;
And to joy tho' the look of her may be given,
The secret thought of her soul it is mine.

THE AZURE SKIES, &c.

I.

THE azure skies of sunny June,
The golden eve and cloudless moon,
Tho' bright, are not like thee;
There's nothing bright in nature seems
(Whatever smiles, whatever beams)
Like thee, sweet maid! like thee.

II.

The fanning breeze in sultry hour,
The rosy breath of summer bower,
Tho' sweet, are not like thee:
The softest note, the sweetest sound,
When music breathes enchantment round,
Tho' sweet, are not like thee.

III.

Whate'er would match thine azure eyes,
Or shame thy cheek of vermil dies,
Tho' fair, are not like thee:
There is no tint that Flora knows,
Where'er it buds, where'er it blows,
Like thee, sweet maid! like thee.

IF SOUNDS OF JOY, &c.

I.

If sounds of joy from worlds of woe
Can e'en delight a seraph's ear;
If hope and love one charm bestow,
To glad the ever radiant sphere;

II.

Then shall some angel of the skies
Attend our vows so fondly given;
Catch on his harp these fervent sighs,
And wake the happy notes in heaven.

III.

So may we hope that sound so dear
May plead before the throne above;
Call on our hopes a blessing here,
And consecrate the joys of love.

LIVES THERE A NYMPH, &c.

I.

Lives there a nymph whose lovely cheek
Can blush to hear its beauty's praise;
Whose glance can rapture's ardour speak
Impressive in a modest gaze?

II.

Has she a lip whose luscious rose
Encradles love's voluptuous dew;
Has she an eye that round it throws
The smiles of joy and virtue too?

III.

Wears she the vest, whose envious fold
Her bosom's modest veil doth prove;
And can that gentle bosom mould
A sigh for pity and for love?

IV.

Then know, fond youth! tho' thou canst tell
What clime contains so bright a fair;
'Tis but thy fancy paints so well—
For Mary is beyond compare!

HARP OF MY SOLITUDE, &c.

I.

HARP of my solitude! spell of my heart!
Syren enchanter! thy magic impart—
Sweetly thy numbers can soothe into rest
This thorn of affliction, this sting of my breast!

II.

Fond dreamer! thou ever canst soften despair
Like visions of joy to the slumbers of care;
For thine are the fancies that often will stray
To the haunts of delight—when delight is away.

III.

Harp of my sorrows! there's none who can tell,
How dear are thy murmurs, or love thee so well;
Beauty has praised thee, and rapture has blest,
But mine the heart only thou lull'st into rest.

OH! HOW FLEETING THE DOOM, &c.

A SONG.

I.

Oh! how fleeting the doom,
Between cradle and tomb,
Of life's breathing flower!
For the bloom of to-day
May to-morrow decay,
Like a rose in its bower.
Then let us entwine
Our brows as we rove,
With clustering vine,
And the myrtle of love.

II.

For how blest and how sweet,
In this short life, to meet
  Woman's fond melting glow;
When the smile of her eye,
And the balm of her sigh,
  Are the sweetest we know:
Oh! these can impart,
  As we rove unblest,
Thro' gleams of the heart,
  The sunshine of rest.

III.

Though, destined by Heaven,
No blessings are given,
  That unsullied can shine;
Still there is a spirit
Doth sweetly inherit
  A bright goblet of wine:
Like the moon, that glows
  Through night's dropping tears,
'Twill smile through our woes,
  And banish our fears.

IV.

Then no more we'll complain
Of misery and pain
  In our wanderings here;
Since beauty's soft power,
And wine's festive hour,
  Thus can charm every care:
Then haste! we'll entwine
  Our brows, as we rove,
With the clustering vine,
  And the myrtle of love.

NOW LET THE LOUD, &c.

I.

Now let the loud complaining tempest blow,
And curl the foaming billows of the sea;
Ianthe's smiles the favouring gods bestow,—
And dear as life Ianthe's smiles to me.

II.

In awful sounds the thunder rolls above,
From blackening clouds the vivid lightning flies;—
Heaven yields me safety with the maid I love,
And smiles prophetic in Ianthe's eyes.

III.

Arm'd by this spell, I scorn the chains of fear,
And hear, well pleased, the mountain-billows roar;
Blest by this charm, I check the falling tear,
And, sorrowing, pour the plaints of grief no more.

IV.

But hope and peace at once resume their sway;
Joy spreads, before the gale, its golden flower,
Throws a soft radiance on the clouds of day,
While love delights unchill'd the stormy hour.

V.

The feather'd tribe, that warbled o'er thy head,
No longer now their cheerful notes prolong;
Now of calm peace each softened note is dead;
Now, save for thee, is hush'd the votive song!

VI.

How faint the terrors of the tempest prove,
'Midst fond emotions of a heart so blest!
Let the storm beat—this harp shall sing of love,
And tell the ardour of my raptured breast.

VII.

Subdued by Him who tracks the pathless storm,
Lowly thy heart implores a guardian care;
And see! His will retiring clouds perform,—
So strong from virtue's lips the whisper'd prayer!

VIII.

And love, impress'd by that Almighty Power,
Now calms, with humble hopes, the wild alarm:
Love spreads a smile thro' danger's awful hour,
And shields with strength the lone and feeble arm.

IX.

Beneath the moon, the blessed moon! whose brow
Did smile serenely o'er the tranquil deep,
Oh! I have loved thee! but ne'er felt as now,
While rudely tempests o'er its surface sweep.

X.

Ne'er joyous felt that soul-inspiring glow
That love awakens in an hour so dread;
When the fond glance thy trusting eyes bestow,
Owns in these arms thy shield of safety spread.

XI.

Yes, dear Ianthe! through life's restless sea,
To guard thy fortunes from the whelming wave,
Mine be the arm that love empowers for thee,
In danger's hour thy little bark to save.

XII.

Let fortune then withhold the meed of fame—
The roofs of pamper'd pride let wealth adorn—
Mine be the fate (and who that fate shall blame?)
From love's sweet rose to pluck the pointed thorn!

XIII.

To weary wanderers sweet the balm of peace!
Bright to the prison'd slave the vaulted sky!
Blest by thy smile, the pains of anguish cease,
And sorrow flies before thy gladdening eye!

XIV.

The smiles of pleasure tho' the world commends—
Yet pity gives a joy far more sincere;
Heaven too approves the balm that pity sends,
And drops a blessing in Ianthe's tear.

A SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

I.

WHILE gales propitious fan the skies,
Away thy sailor-lover flies,
Where, far from beauty's rosy bowers,
He weary counts the joyless hours;
Should tempests rage, his course to keep,
'Midst dangers, o'er the foaming deep;
Or, while the gentle zephyrs play,
To steer his little bark away.

II.

Yet trust me, Anne! this heart shall prove
Its promised faith, its constant love;
And so may thine—that dewy tear
May nurse the rose which blushes near,
And shield it from the flattering sighs
That envious round its beauty rise:
While, gliding o'er the silvery spray,
We row our little bark away.

III.

In other seas, in other climes,
Thy love shall dwell on happier times,
And in each anxious dream pursue
The bliss our early raptures knew;
While fondly rise in fancy's eye,
Thy tender glance, and heaving sigh;
Ah! then how warm his heart shall burn
To speed our little bark's return.

IV.

And he shall mark the silver moon
Gild with soft beams the midnight gloom;
And fondly think his Anne may view
And bless its balmy influence too;
While from our lips to that bright sphere
Our sighs may rove and mingle there;
Those sighs, whose every hope shall burn
To speed our little bark's return.

V.

Farewell, my Anne! propitious powers
Shall waft us back to beauty's bowers;
Shall spread for speed our swelling sails,
While briskly blow the favouring gales;
Shall hush the storm, shall lull the deep,
And guardian watch around us keep;
While swiftly thro' the silver foam
We steer our little vessel home.

SONG.

I.

THRO' the bower the moon is smiling,
And soft the breezes play;
Love and hope, the hour beguiling,
Shall still for Rosa stay.

II.

The night's soft breath I fondly listen,
And watch each starry light,
Whose silvery beams so sweetly glisten
O'er the lone paths of night.

III.

Though, sweet love! yon orbs of heaven
Seem lingering now for thee,
Not long their glittering lamps are given
To light my love to me.

IV.

Where, my Rosa! dost thou wander,
And thro' what windings rove?
Thorns molest the pathway yonder,
But none the way to love!

SOME THRO' ANTIQUE VOLUMES PORE.

I.

Some thro' antique volumes pore,
To catch the muse's sacred fire;
And cull the flowers of ancient lore,
To grace their own devoted lyre.

II.

Others will dare the foaming deep,
With rude tempestuous dangers fraught,
To waken fancy's vision'd sleep,
And catch the muse's boldest thought.

III.

While some to classic realms will fly,
And thence poetic raptures draw;
Entranced beneath a Grecian sky,—
Inspired by scenes a Pindar saw.

IV.

But I, in more ungenial climes,
Partake of fancy's glowing fire;
And scorn'd by muse of ancient times,
Thus harmonize my votive lyre.

V.

Nor rugged rocks, nor foaming sea,
Nor scenes in classic beauty drest,
Inspire one happy thought for me,
Or charm my else devoted breast.

VI.

No! woman's love, and woman's eye,
Alone can round my heart entwine:
'Tis Mary's voice, and Mary's sigh,
That breathe and speak in every line!

FINIS.

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